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EDITORIAL

REAGAN RAMPANT

Candidate Ronald Reagan woke from a long winter's nap last week and abandoned the cozy game plan that had him coasting uneventfully to the nomination—and maybe all the way to the White House, given Jimmy Carter's slump in the polls last fall. His hopes of spending his golden years at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue were shaken by his Iowa loss; and Carter, *pari passu*, was looking much less like a loser.

The new, fighting Ronald Reagan lambasted "cynics, pacifists, and appeasers" and tore into Carter's foreign policy for "bordering on appeasement." He commandeered CBS's *60 Minutes* to propose a retaliation for the Russian invasion of Afghanistan. "I'm suggesting that we might blockade Cuba," Reagan announced, "and stop the transportation back and forth of arms, of Soviet military."

Although surely winning the race to outflank President Carter on the right, Reagan neglected to explain what blockading Cuba had to do with forcing the Russians out of Afghanistan. Perhaps he had in mind creating a diversion along the lines of World War III. Nor did he say what would happen if the Russians ignored the sanctions. Would he escalate by blockading Angola? Then tighten the screws on South Yemen? Then the Horn of Africa? The Arc of Crisis? Murmansk? Pinsk? Minsk?

Reagan did not elaborate on the "even better options" he claimed "might" exist. We would like to believe Reagan's blockade proposal was the product of a temporary mental lapse that caused him to confuse Afghanistan with the 1962 Cuban missile crisis. Perhaps after this burst of strenuous sloganeering, Reagan should return to his ranch for a rest and contemplate less extreme anti-Communist sanctions. How about something more appropriate to a retired actor—boycotting Polish ham?

BANI-SADR
Fred Halliday

A TALK WITH SIHANOUK
Wilfred Burchett

RUNAWAY BIG STEEL
Harry Brill

HARD TIMES
Harry Maurer

BLACKLISTING DOWN SOUTH
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EVANGELICALS ON SCARCITY
Donald Meyer

MULTINATIONAL AGRICULTURE

THE PROFITS OF HUNGER

RICHARD J. BARNET

Last month when the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, the United States sought to punish the aggression by canceling 17 million tons worth of grain sales. The feasibility and morality of the use of the food weapon against Iran was much debated. The Cambodian people starved while officials haggled for months over who should control distribution of food aid to that tragic land. These are not the first—nor the last—examples of food being enmeshed in politics. In the early 1970s the United States for a brief time withheld food from Bangladesh because that country traded jute with Castro's Cuba.

But more significant than these sensational examples of food politics are deeper changes in the world food system. The altered structure of the world's food economy is jeopardizing the ability of millions of subsistence farmers throughout the world to feed themselves and their families. The control over farming acquired by large multinational agribusinesses has turned countries like Iran into large food importers—and thus made them more vulnerable to food boycotts. It has also increased the inequities of food distribution inside developing societies. The ultimate "food power" lies in the growing ability of these multinational corporations to control the production and marketing of food.

If food power is not to become a threat or a weapon to be used against people on the edge of starvation, then the notion of secure access to food must be vigorously reasserted as a right that attaches to all men and women at birth. Such a right is not rooted in historical tradition: entitlement to food has never been recognized as an unconditional right, except, perhaps, in some socialist countries. The reasons for making such

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LETTERS

SHAME!

Washington

McCarthyism and the reprehensible practice of guilt by association is not dead [editorial, "Lane's Friends," *The Nation*, Jan. 19]. It is now being practiced by the left rather than the right.

Shame.

Allen Y. Zack, Assistant Director
Department of Information
American Federation of Labor and
Congress of Industrial Organizations

Joseph McCarthy had two trademarks in his short, destructive career: baldly inaccurate charges and the deliberate equation of left-democratic or Communist sympathies with treason. We certainly did not suggest that Lane Kirkland was a Marxist or a traitor. And the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Department of Information has yet to challenge any of our facts concerning Lane Kirkland's business dealings and organizational affiliations.

It is not unreasonable to suggest that one gauge of an individual's political commitments is the organizations with which he chooses to associate himself. We, in fact, asked whether Mr. Kirkland was prepared to "put this extraordinary background to work on behalf" of a weakened labor movement. We still await an answer.—*The Editors*

PARTICULAR GRATITUDE

Brewster, N.Y.

Frank Donner's "Conspiracies Unlimited" [*The Nation*, Dec. 22, 1979] is an absolutely superb and absolutely necessary piece. I am grateful to *The Nation* every week; I am particularly grateful for the issue of December 22, 1979.

Merle Miller

OBJECTS TO KARLINSKY

Flushing, N.Y.

Simon Karlinsky's review of *Testimony*, the so-called *Memoirs of Dmitri Shostakovich* [*The Nation*, Nov. 24, 1979] raises more than a few objections. First, the author, Solomon Volkov, left the Soviet Union. Is one to assume that he is therefore going to be objective? Second, when he met Shostakovich, the latter was 54 and he was 16. Can anyone conceive of a mature man telling an adolescent about his difficulties? Hardly. Third, in the *Encyclopedia of Music*, and in many other sources, including articles in *The New York Times*, Shostakovich agreed that the criticism of his formalistic music (emphasis on technique rather than on content) was justified.

The Program Notes of the Boston Symphony, Fall 1947, tell us that Shostakovich had his own experience and that of his fellow Leningraders specifically in mind when he wrote the Seventh Symphony; further, he says that the Eighth was written to express his joy at the defeat of the Nazis at Stalingrad, and that the Ninth was written to celebrate the Soviet victory over the Fascist beasts that did so much damage to his country. At all times he expressed his enthusiastic support for socialism, and he was an ardent patriot. In 1949, when he was here in America, he represented his country in a peace congress. In *Musical America*, Volume 1, 1949, he spoke of the degeneracy and haphazardness of the bourgeois life, while he praised the socialist society as providing the only meaningful philosophy and conditions for a creative artist. He and his fellow representatives were forced out of this country after being here only five days!

His opera "Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District" has a plot that is suitable, we imagine, for our degenerate times: it deals with a married woman who conspires with her drunken lover to kill her husband. The music is raucous and the language vile. If the socialists are trying to create a society without our tawdriness, sex-saturation and violence, why shouldn't they object to this kind of art? After all, like it or not, even music has political significance. Can Bach be detached from his religious beliefs, or can we separate Wagner from his superman philosophy? Hardly.

In a recent issue of *Newsweek*, the critic, evaluating the original score of "Lady Macbeth," called the work "raucous" and even said—listen!—"Stalin was right!"

Karlinsky cannot be too familiar with Shostakovich's other works (140 opuses) when he limits the output to three good symphonies. There are excellent trios, piano concertos, a violin concerto, songs and the Thirteenth Symphony with poems about Jewish life by Yevtushenko (it's called *Babi Yar*), etc.

The only valid criticism I found in Karlinsky's review—in an obiter dictum, by the way, he slanders Barbra Streisand for her correct view of the Spanish Civil War, where World War II was really launched—is his analysis of the degenerate state of our arts at this juncture in our society. He ought to remove his cold-war goggles; they're frosted over.

Leonard Boyer

Berkeley, Calif.

Leonard Boyer believes that the statements attributed to Dmitri Shostakovich in press releases and concert programs dating from the 1940s represented the composer's true feelings. Back in the 1940s I might have agreed with him. Since that time I have met too many people who experienced Soviet life under Stalin and I have read too many eyewitness accounts of that period's repression to accept at face value such homilies, usually extracted under duress. As my review made clear, I do have problems with the total veracity of Solomon Volkov's book. But not because of the fact that the author has left the Soviet Union. Beginning with the earliest refugees from the October Revolution and all the way to today's Vietnamese boat people, the testimony of those who experienced the inhumanity of and enslavement by the so-called socialist regimes and then fled has been discounted as "not objective" by people like Boyer—no matter how many millions have risked their lives and suffered privations to escape socialism. If this persistent disregard of human suffering isn't a form of wearing goggles, I don't know what is.

I did not "limit [Shostakovich's] output to three good symphonies"—I'm reasonably familiar with his concerti, song cycles and all the rest. What I said was that I do not find his other music as attractive as I once did. My review made no reference to Barbra Streisand's view of the Spanish Civil War, whatever it might be. (I wrote of the script of the film in which she appeared.) Nor did I offer any "analysis of the degenerate state of our arts"—a meaningless phrase as far as I'm concerned. What I did was cite a passage from a book by Peter Yates with which I then proceeded to disagree. Leonard Boyer really ought to have read what my text says before rushing in with his objections.

Simon Karlinsky

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EDITORIALS.

The Wrong Reason

"The last temptation is the greatest treason:
To do the right deed for the wrong reason."

—T.S. Eliot

I support an Olympic boycott, but not for the reason given by President Carter. It seems to me at least debatable whether an Olympic boycott is an appropriate way to protest the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. On the other hand, it seems clear that an Olympic boycott is an appropriate response to the oppression of human-rights activists in the Soviet Union.

Soviet military intervention in Afghanistan must be condemned, though Jimmy Carter's protestations would have come with better grace if he had acknowledged its parallels to American military intervention in small countries like Cambodia. But I would favor going to the Olympics despite my revulsion against what the Soviet Union is doing in Afghanistan. I believe that peaceful contacts between peoples are desirable, and taking part in the Olympics would be no endorsement of the invasion, especially if some of the athletes and spectators going to Moscow could be persuaded to take part in a protest demonstration in Red Square.

There is another reason to oppose the use of a boycott to protest the Afghanistan invasion. Whatever value it might have was sullied by Carter when he made it part of a package that includes revival of draft registration, support for Central Intelligence Agency covert operations and military aid to General Zia's Pakistan. A boycott is only warranted as a moral gesture. It lacks that quality when it is bracketed with support for a totalitarian government abroad and the abrogation of civil liberties at home.

A boycott of the Olympics to protest persecution of human-rights activists in the Soviet Union is a different matter. An editorial in *The Nation* last May 12 ("*Realpolitik* and Human Rights") suggested that the Soviet Union might be persuaded to release Yuri Orlov, Anatoly Shcharansky and other political prisoners because of the Olympics. "[The

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Soviet Union's] anticipated athletic triumphs would be tarnished by protests in behalf of Orlov and others who are detained," the editorial said, calling for increased pressure to release dissenters. On October 10, 1979, Amnesty International sounded the same theme in an open letter to President Leonid Brezhnev: "As the world's peoples look toward Moscow in 1980, we appeal to your government to fulfill its human rights commitments under international law, the Soviet Constitution and legislation."

In its letter, Amnesty expressed its deep concern about the more than 300 prisoners of conscience in the Soviet Union, among them nineteen "monitors" of the 1975 Helsinki human-rights agreements who have been sentenced to prison terms of up to fifteen years since 1975 and another five who were in prison awaiting trial. While making the Olympics a focus of its appeal for their release, Amnesty charged that "in anticipation of the large number of foreign visitors to Moscow during the Olympic Games" special measures were apparently being taken to clear dissidents out of Moscow. The human-rights group pointed to "the transfer of prisoners of conscience out of prisons and psychiatric hospitals in or near the Moscow area and into distant areas," evidence that some detentions were being extended until the Olympic Games were concluded, and threats to Baptists in the Moscow area that they would be forcibly resettled at the time of the Olympic Games.

Since that letter was sent, signs that the Soviet Union is clearing out dissidents because of the Olympic Games have become unmistakable. On January 15, Amnesty reported "a major crackdown on dissenters" in the Soviet Union. More than forty arrests for the peaceful exercise of human rights had taken place during the three months that elapsed since the Brezhnev letter. Among those arrested were nine additional members of groups monitoring the Helsinki accords. The United States Helsinki Watch Committee reports that other Soviet Helsinki monitors have been called in and warned that their activities would result in banishment from Moscow. Then on January 22, the most prominent of all Soviet human-rights activists, Andrei Sakharov, was arrested and banished from Moscow. His exile made it close to a clean sweep; the Soviet Union has eliminated nearly all opportunities for visitors to the Olympic Games to talk to dissenters. These dissenters have been forced to suffer arrest, prosecution, imprisonment and exile simply because the Olympic Games are being held in Moscow; therefore, a boycott is clearly appropriate.

Although the boycott is instead going forward for President Carter's reasons, there might still be a way to convey the message that it is intolerable that the Olympic Games should be used as an occasion to repress human rights. If alternate games are held, they could be called the Sakharov Games and the medals to be distributed could bear the likeness of Andrei Sakharov. Those would be prizes worth winning.

ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier, a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board, is adjunct professor of law at New York University and a fellow of the New York Institute for the Humanities.*

Draft Dodge

If truth is the first casualty of war, civil liberties are the first casualty of cold war. So it was the last time around and so President Carter seems intent on making it again. First, he went after the Iranian students in the United States; then he launched a drive to increase the secrecy surrounding Central Intelligence Agency covert actions; now he plans to bring back draft registration.

In his speech at Georgetown University last week, Senator Edward Kennedy exposed the essential uselessness of draft registration in meeting "future mobilization needs rapidly, if they arise," as the President put it. Registration, Kennedy said, is thus "the first step" toward reinstituting a peacetime draft, a point Bertram M. Gross raised in these pages last year ("The Drive to Revive the Draft," October 20, 1979). To put it bluntly, President Carter has not made the case for registration, militarily, diplomatically or otherwise; and so in policy terms it remains more symbol than substance. In its effects on the lives of millions of young men and women, however, the substance would be considerable—not only the abridgment of their civil liberties but also the amassing of still another centralized governmental dossier. Our experience in Vietnam should have taught us that demanding sacrifices from our youth that turn out to be meaningless only engenders cynicism and alienation. Even in the unlikely event that the President does make a cogent case for draft registration, there must be a great deal more discussion of what sort of draft we should have and the proper role of the military in our society. As Gross pointed out, such a discussion has so far been lacking, and Congress has merely tacked with the political winds.

The Carter campaign to punish Iran and the Soviet Union by depriving young Americans of their rights has encountered little opposition other than Senator Kennedy's. But the proposal to revive draft registration could still be a disguised blessing if it were to galvanize Americans of draft age from their lassitude. By demonstrating resistance to registration, they might be able to return the country to its senses. In the early 1960s, young Americans rallied to the cause of racial equality and prodded Congress and the President to enact and enforce civil rights laws. In the late 1960s and the early 1970s, young Americans led the fight against the war in Vietnam and against the draft. Lately, however, few public causes have aroused their passions, and they have gotten out of the habit of taking the lead in awakening the American conscience.

There is a new coalition that should help mobilize not only draft-age youths but also others who wish to join in resistance to the draft. Known as the Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD), it comprises more than forty civil liberties, church, student, antiwar and women's organizations. Its address is 245 Second Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, telephone (202) 547-4334. *The Nation* will also do its part. We will help student groups and others planning public discussions of the draft by arranging for speakers and for reprints of Gross's comprehensive

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analysis of the issues. Inquiries should be directed to Neil Barsky at our office. And we will keep our readers informed of the progress of the campaign to revive the draft and of the campaign to resist it.

Iran Chooses

Iran's new President, 44-year-old Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, represents a hope to more than the fifty U.S. hostages held in what Iranians call the *jusus khane* or "spyhouse" since November 4 of last year. He is the first democratically elected head of state Iran has ever known in three millenniums of history, and for the thirty-six million people of that country his accession to office, by an overwhelming majority, may represent the start of a new constructive phase of their unrelenting revolution. Bani-Sadr is a significant mixture of the old and the new in radical Iranian politics. He was born in the Western provincial town of Hamadan, the son of Ayatollah Nasrullah Bani-Sadr, and in his student days he became a leader of the National Front Student Organization in Teheran, the young people who in the late 1950s remained loyal to Premier Mohammed Mossadegh. Bani-Sadr was imprisoned for two years in 1959, and after the defeat of the big opposition upsurge of 1961-63, a defeat that culminated in the exile of Ayatollah Khomeini, Bani-Sadr remained in exile in Europe.

He was among the leading members of the Confederation of Iranian Students in Europe, its general secretary in 1965 and a leader of the religiously oriented section of the movement that remained in contact with the exiled Khomeini. He first met Khomeini at his father's funeral in 1972 and from then on Bani-Sadr was, by his own account, charged with preparing reports for the Ayatollah on economic and social conditions in Iran. He was a consistent opponent of the secular left within the exile movement, being on occasion reluctant to defend leftists put on trial by the Shah's regime.

A book he co-authored with French sociologist Paul Vieille in 1975, entitled *Oil and Violence*, gives a clear picture of Bani-Sadr's diagnosis of Iran's ills. It is a conventional anti-imperialist analysis, influenced by such writers as Samir Amin. "The export of oil involves depriving the peripheral country in order to benefit the economies of the dominant countries," he writes. "An Iranian has only one function in the world economy: to consume goods produced by the metropolitan countries in exchange for the export of oil." The availability of large amounts of oil revenue leads to the neglect of agriculture, the growth of what he calls an "alibi industry," i.e., one that is not soundly based, and to a process of "anticipated consumption" whereby consumer demand among the middle class forces the oil-producing country into greater debt.

When Khomeini returned to Iran, Bani-Sadr flew in with him and set up as editor of a new daily, *Islamic Revolution*. Not knowing English, he was not a spokesman for the Ayatollah as Ibrahim Yazdi and Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh had been, but he won a strong following among students, and in his *Unitary Economics* he advocated a fusion of egalitarian Islam with radical development economics. His views are an updated version of Mossadegh's: Iran should use its oil sparingly and instead of building closer ties with the West, which create links of dependence, the country should build up its own productive resources.

I met Bani-Sadr in his editorial office last summer. This exile of almost twenty years was now being petitioned by a respectful group of officers from the former Shah's army, a striking index of the changed fortunes in his country. "The situation is even worse than I described it in my book," he said. "We do not understand this country and we do not control it." All the years of the Shah's economic reforms had made the country more, not less, dependent on the West.

Bani-Sadr has won a reputation as an independent person, enjoying the confidence of Khomeini yet quite willing to speak out on his own. He criticized the decision, made by Khomeini, to bar the leading left-wing candidate, Massoud Rajavi, from the Presidential poll, and he was the only leading member of the regime, apart from the maverick "hanging judge" Ayatollah Khalkhali, to criticize the students who seized the U.S. Embassy. Within weeks some solution to the hostage issue is likely, almost certainly before the Persian New Year on March 21. A United Nations commission will report on the violations of human rights under the Shah and honor will be saved. But this is the least of Bani-Sadr's difficulties; it is in dealing with Iran's host of other problems that the limits of his own world view may become clearer.

His prescription for Iran's economic woes tends to rely too much on a trusting economic nationalism. He has shown himself rather insensitive to the biggest time bomb in Iranian politics, the issue of the non-Persian minorities. He defends a conventional Islamic position on women, and even went on TV to argue that modern science had proved the Koran's intuition that women's hair gave off rays perturbing to men.

Nor is there much love lost between him and the left, despite his radical economic policies. He was an ardent supporter of the closing of the left-wing daily paper *Ayandegan* last August and slanderously accused its editors of being associates of the old regime. And his anti-Communism is evident in his pledge to support the rebels in Afghanistan. Above all, he presides over a fractured and almost powerless central Government, to which he is expected to appoint his associate in Paris, Ahmad Salmatian, as Prime Minister. Iran may have successfully negotiated the transition from a provisional to a permanent Government, but many hard choices lie ahead.

FRED HALLIDAY

Fred Halliday is a fellow of the Transnational Institute, Amsterdam, and an editorial associate of New Left Review *and* MERIP Reports. *He is the author of* Arabia Without Sultans: A Political Survey of Instability in the Arab World *(Vintage Books) and* Iran: Dictatorship and Development *(Penguin). He will be contributing a series of articles on Central Asia to* The Nation.

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Economy Time

The military-spending segment of the new budget not surprisingly continues the built-in 3 percent increase that was incorporated in past Carter budgets; appropriations are set at 5.4 percent above inflation. Since last year's built-in escalator was known as the "NATO surcharge," can this year's be dubbed the "Afghan excise"? Similarly, the 5.4 percent appropriations figure might be identified as the "former SALT II surcharge," a relic of the fruitless attempt to win the votes of Senate hawks for the now-shelved treaty.

Perhaps we should be grateful for small favors—after all, neither figure equaled the 10 percent increase that many Republicans have been calling for—but we cannot share the belief that this defense budget is "austere," "lean," "middle-of-the-road," "restrained"—to appropriate some of the adjectives applied by Carter partisans to his budget as a whole.

What worries us is that, as the late, lamented Jimmy Durante used to say, "Everybody wants to get inta da act." The budget begins its stately progress through Congress in an atmosphere charged with pro-defense fervor. This was evident in the reception accorded to Defense Secretary Harold Brown and Gen. David C. Jones, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, by the House Armed Services Committee. Typical was the protest of Representative Charles E. Bennett that the $158 billion appropriation figure constituted "a small request." Other Congressmen have gone on record damning the Carter Administration's cancellation of the neutron bomb and the B-1 bomber (which has not in fact, been canceled—see Fred Kaplan, "The B-1's Back," *The Nation*, December 22, 1979) and its alleged tardiness in proceeding with the MX missile. Republican John J. Rhodes, House minority leader, reaffirmed that defense needs remained "first priority" with his party—even higher than balancing the budget. In short, it appears that the military big-spenders are about to hit town, and the defense contractors are rubbing their hands in anticipation.

Senator Edward Kennedy emerged partially from his political shell to denounce "helter-skelter" militarism, but otherwise scarcely a murmur has been heard from Congressional doves. If election-year imperatives have silenced major backsliders from cold-war revivalism, we should at least hear from the gimlet-eyed cost-cutters—the defense-budget equivalents of the social-budget cheapskates, the scourgers of waste and boondoggles. Let's hear it from skinflints like Senator William Proxmire, who has said he might favor increased defense spending but who also castigated set-percentage increases as "mindless and wholly unworthy" and expressed his revulsion at "huge, gold-plated dinosaur aircraft carriers" and fighter planes costing $15 million to $20 million apiece. Or like Representative Les Aspin, who charged that fighter-plane costs have risen 1,000 percent over the past fifteen years (nearly ten times the overall increase in the cost of living), with the result that the Defense Department is spending "twice as much money to buy one-fifth as many tactical aircraft as it did in 1965." Aspin also pointed out that military pensions now make up 10 percent of the defense budget, compared with 3.6 percent in 1970. Much of that money goes, of course, to 40-year-olds who retire after twenty years and "double dip." Reports that the new Rapid Deployment Force will call for more C-5A transports remind us that this same plane ran up a $2 billion cost overrun by 1969. Former President Nixon, testifying in a lawsuit filed by A. Ernest Fitzgerald, a Defense Department cost analyst and whistle blower who was demoted after he exposed the overruns, admitted under oath that he took no action when he learned about them "because he was preoccupied with the Vietnam War and other issues."

With the current President preoccupied politically and internationally, and with Congressional Chicken Littles scampering about shouting, "The West is falling! The West is falling!" we need the Scrooges like Proxmire and Aspin and the whistle blowers like Fitzgerald more than ever. We need skeptics who will ask why we need a B-1 when most military experts concur with the Air Force colonel who told James Deakin of *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch* that "the B-52 can last as an effective weapon into the 1990s," even without cruise missiles. We need cost accountants to try to pin down a figure—within the nearest several billions, say—on how much the MX boondoggle will eventually cost—especially if SALT II is permanently abandoned and Soviet warheads take an exponential jump. We need, of course, someone—many someones—to question the entire chilling prospect of a new nuclear arms race; but, for a starter, let's talk about waste. Instead of force-feeding the defense goose with inflation-producing dollars, send it to the fat farm.

On Terrorism

Violence begets violence; this is not a statement of morality but a simple truth, demonstrated by history. At times it is a hidden truth because the gestation period of secondary or tertiary violence may be as long as one or two generations. Eventually the chain breaks and ends, as a rule through a major upheaval among the people(s) involved.

Politicians and the majority of media commentators do not study world history. They seem unaware of the long memories dormant within "the people" everywhere and they are always ready with such words as "unparalleled in human history" and "the greatest outrage ever recorded." Human history is long on outrages, though, and the adjective "greatest" is better avoided. Even the effort of Germany to exterminate the Jews of Europe was not sui generis. The Germans themselves also tried to exterminate the gypsies. They let 2.5 million Russian P.O.W.s die of starvation. Earlier, the Spaniards in the Americas annihilated millions and wiped out whole nations. Little Belgium was responsible for the deaths of as many as ten million Congolese. At this very moment, Brazil is eradicating the Indians of the Amazon.

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On a lower level of violence, the English had a good go in their time at erasing the Irish as a nation. The French state, newly liberated by the Allies in 1945, killed 10,000 or more Algerians in the spring uprisings of that year, and they left at least a million Algerians killed. They left—as they had earlier left Indochina, and as we in turn left Indochina—not through a change of heart but because the price of staying became too high.

The Western nations have the charming habit of regularly blowing the whistle on themselves, declaring the board swept clean and a whole new game begun. They then decide to forget everything they have done before, and expect the rest of the world, including their surviving victims, to do the same. Thus, the English now declare themselves constantly appalled at the Irish Republican Army outrages in Ulster against the local majority. They have completely forgotten that the Protestant majority of Ulster was planted there by force and violence. The Irish landowners were expropriated and beggared or chased, and an Irishman could be driven off his property even by his own son if that son converted to Protestantism.

In the Basque country, Franco's Spain ordered the execution of some 10 percent of the local population, and workmen were even sent into the graveyards to eradicate Basque names from the very tombstones. When Basque terrorists kill a Spanish businessman who grew rich under Franco, or a Spanish (Castilian) Civil Guard, they are called mad dogs by every well-meaning politician.

In Germany, the violence of the state in recent history does not need further elaborating. (But we now use a different term for those Germans of forty years ago; they were "Nazis," not "Germans.") The entire West German state apparatus, though liberally sprinkled with mayors and Cabinet ministers once closely involved in the appalling schemes of the Third Reich, was stunned, virtually overwhelmed, when the German terrorist Red Army made its appearance. It was as if those former army officers and S.S. men and Gestapo officials had never heard of using bombs or pistols.

In Iran's bloody and unsavory history, the massacres under the recent Shah have been laid at our door at least since 1953, the year that the United States overthrew Premier Mohammed Mossadegh. The massacres were not on TV but other events were. I particularly recall an interview with the Shah's sister which I watched on BBC television, during which the lady said, with regard to dissidents, "Oh, we roast them a bit, maybe, like toast, you know." Her entourage chuckled at her wit. The V.I.P.s and the jet set of the West, from *Vogue* editors to Prince Bernhard and Henry Kissinger, flocked to the Shah's extravaganzas paid for by a starving peasantry.

The point of all this is not an invitation to condone, or to applaud, terrorist violence or mob hysteria. The point is that we must finally get it through our heads *that terrorism has its reasons.* There are no large groups of psychopaths loose in Iran or Ireland or on the West Bank whose only desire is to kill men, women and children and throw away their own lives in the process. The seeds from which their violence sprang were more often than not planted by us. But for a different turn of the wheel of fate, we would be the terrorists, and the Irish, the Iranians or the Palestinians would be on record as protesting our outrages. Let us at least stop being so *surprised.*

HANS KONING

Hans Koning is a New York novelist whose forthcoming book is America Made Me.

ARTICLES.

Sihanouk–Still On the Tightrope

WILFRED BURCHETT

Paris

Norodom Sihanouk, former Cambodian head of state, believes he is alive today because of a direct order from Mao Zedong. In October 1975, just before Sihanouk and part of his family returned to Phnom Penh, Mao told Khmer Rouge leader Khieu Samphan in Sihanouk's presence that he, his wife, Monique, and the two children of their marriage were not to be killed.

Mao's edict did not, however, extend to other members of Sihanouk's family. "Five of my children and thirteen grandchildren were murdered by the Khmer Rouge," he told me. Nor did it save Sihanouk from being held under house arrest from April 1976 through early January 1979 in such dire conditions that, as he expressed it, "I never knew when I went to bed at night whether I would be alive next day." Speaking by telephone from the clinic in Vichy, France, where he was undergoing treatment and medical checks for diabetes and related ailments, Sihanouk told me that the question of his execution had touched off a quarrel between the two Khmer Rouge leaders, Pol Pot and Ieng Sary, in early January 1979. Vietnamese-backed forces were approaching Phnom Penh and the Chinese had decided to bring Sihanouk to Peking. "Ieng Sary wanted to have us killed," Sihanouk recalled, "but Pol Pot was against it. He had agreed with the Chinese that I would present Kampuchea's case to the United Nations. Ieng Sary insisted that at least our two children be held as hostages and Pol Pot agreed, but the Chinese intervened and we all left together."

I asked Sihanouk if the Chinese had ever given any explanation for allowing him to be held under such humiliating conditions until the last possible moment. He laughed and replied: "Madame Zhou Enlai explained that as Kampuchea was an independent and sovereign state, China could not in-

Wilfred Burchett, the well-known Australian journalist, recently visited Kampuchea. He is the author of the forthcoming Both Eyes Open: 40 Years Reporting from the World's Hot Spots *(Times Books).*

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terfere in its internal affairs. It's preposterous. China ran everything in the Kampuchea of the Khmer Rouge."*

Sihanouk bitterly resents the concerted efforts China and the United States are now making to push him into an alliance with the Pol Pot forces, whom he considers the murderers of his children, his relatives, his most faithful supporters and, indeed, his country. He revealed that last November 25, a few days before he left Peking for Paris, the U.S. Ambassador to Peking, Leonard Woodcock, called on him and urged him to come to terms with Pol Pot. "Only the Khmer Rouge have the strength to stand up to the Vietnamese, Woodcock told me," Sihanouk said. He accused the United States and China of working "hand in glove" to perpetuate the remnants of the ousted regime.

Although he was very critical of the countinuing presence of large numbers of Vietnamese troops in Kampuchea, he maintained that their "unconditional withdrawal" was no solution because it would only permit the Khmer Rouge to surface again. (In his book he writes that such a withdrawal "would simply mean handing over the Kampuchean people, bound hand and foot, to the bloodthirsty hangmen of Pol Pot, Ieng Sary, Khieu Samphan, Son Sen and the others. . . . They would end up by exterminating the last nationalist survivors of the vast waves of killings in the years 1975-79.")

Sihanouk's own solution, as of mid-January 1980 (his views have altered several times), is that Vietnamese troops should be gradually replaced by United Nations peacekeeping forces, or forces provided by the nonaligned countries. Then internationally controlled elections would be held, in which the various contending political factions, including his own, would compete. If his Confederation of Khmer Nationalists won, he would "restore Cambodia's neutrality and seek to restore normal relations with Vietnam." He believes that "a viable Kampuchea cannot be established without normalization of relations with Vietnam and the Soviet Union," and added that the Chinese are "very displeased" with him for his attacks on Pol Pot and for his refusal to join in the wholesale denunciation of Vietnam and the Soviet Union. As a result, he said, he no longer receives material or financial support from Peking. "I am housed and fed by [North Korea's] Kim Il Sung."

During his stay in France, he had abandoned an apartment placed at his disposal by the French Government in favor of more modest lodgings financed by "my Khmer compatriots." Sihanouk accused China and Thailand of trying to force him into a three-way alliance (a "troika," as he expressed it) with Khieu Samphan, who recently took over the Khmer Rouge leadership from Pol Pot, and Sihanouk's former Prime Minister, Son Sann, who now heads the Khmer Serei (Free Khmer, which was originally founded, armed and financed by the Central Intelligence Agency). "Son Sann is a puppet of China and Thailand," Sihanouk charged, "entirely financed by them. I want nothing to do with their 'troika' or any part of it." He said he had just refused an invitation to visit Singapore because he suspected the invitation was a "trap" to pressure him into joining the alliance. "I accepted the invitation," he added, "because it came from my old friend [Prime Minister] Lee Kuan Yew, but I said I would come only in 1981, not this year." He was bitterly critical of the five countries of the Association of South East Asian Nations (Malaysia, the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore and Thailand), the United States and all those countries who voted in favor of the Khmer Rouge as the legitimate representatives of Kampuchea at the United Nations. "They should have opted for the 'vacant seat' formula adopted by the Havana summit of the nonaligneds last September," Sihanouk said.

He was surprised and somewhat moved to learn that a Vietnamese-Cambodian commando group had attempted to rescue him and his family on the eve of the capture of Phnom Penh, out of concern that Pol Pot would kill them before abandoning the city. "I knew the Khmer Rouge feared something like that," he commented, "because they kept changing my residence. In the last days, the latest house to which they moved us was encircled by an entire regiment of troops, and the room in which Monique and I lived was floodlit with strong searchlights, day and night—it was impossible to sleep." The commando group attacked the wrong building, in fact, and most of them were wiped out.

Despite the harsh exchanges between himself and the Vietnamese leadership, Sihanouk spoke warmly of his continuing friendly sentiments toward Pham Van Dong, Vo Nguyen Giap, President Ton Duc Thang and others, and said, "Those feelings are permanent; we say harsh things to each other, but that is because we are engaged in politics. We sometimes say and do things that we don't really mean. These are transient things, our friendship is deep down and for all time. Vietnam has to be given credit also for the fact that she rid our country of that murderous regime. . . . Many of my compatriots don't agree when I insist on the need for future friendly relations with Vietnam. But I tell them: 'It's good to be patriotic but not chauvinist.' Vietnamese right-wingers are also very angry when I insist on the need for a *modus vivendi* with Hanoi." He recalled that when he visited the liberated areas of Kampuchea in March 1973, the Khmer Rouge at first strongly opposed such a visit and it was Pham Van Dong's insistence that made the trip possible.

Sihanouk gave the impression of being disappointed and disillusioned by his reception in the West, and by the attitude of the ASEAN countries. He seems to have realized that there is no real interest in Kampuchea nor in himself except to the extent to which he can serve Western policies in the area. He has steadfastly refused to lead an anti-Vietnam,

*In a book written by Sihanouk, published in Paris in September 1979, he is more explicit:

> People's China, in so-called "Democratic Kampuchea," had to take charge of finance, the "national" economy, industry, "national" defense, the management of river and maritime ports, diplomacy, et cetera. All these could only function satisfactorily thanks to the many-sided and massive aid and the extremely important and far-reaching "cooperation" granted by Peking. . . . The reality is that whether China so intended it or not, the "foreign policy" of the Pol Pot-Ieng Sary government . . . has always been in fact in the tow of the Chinese government. . . .
> —*Chroniques de guerre et d'espoir*, Norodom Sihanouk, Hachette/Stock, Paris, 1979.

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anti-Soviet crusade. At a televised discussion in Paris two nights after he arrived in the French capital, in which Sihanouk participated with a half-dozen journalists and others, including myself, he declined to be baited into denouncing Vietnam as the source of all Kampuchea's woes, although this was clearly the intention of the organizers. Instead, he devoted most of his time to denouncing the Pol Pot regime, the United States, China and others for continuing to support the remnants of the Pol Pot Government. The French press lost interest in him after that. He told me that he had abandoned the Paris apartment because the French press goaded him with remarks to the effect that he was "living in luxury at the expense of the French people while my people were starving at home."

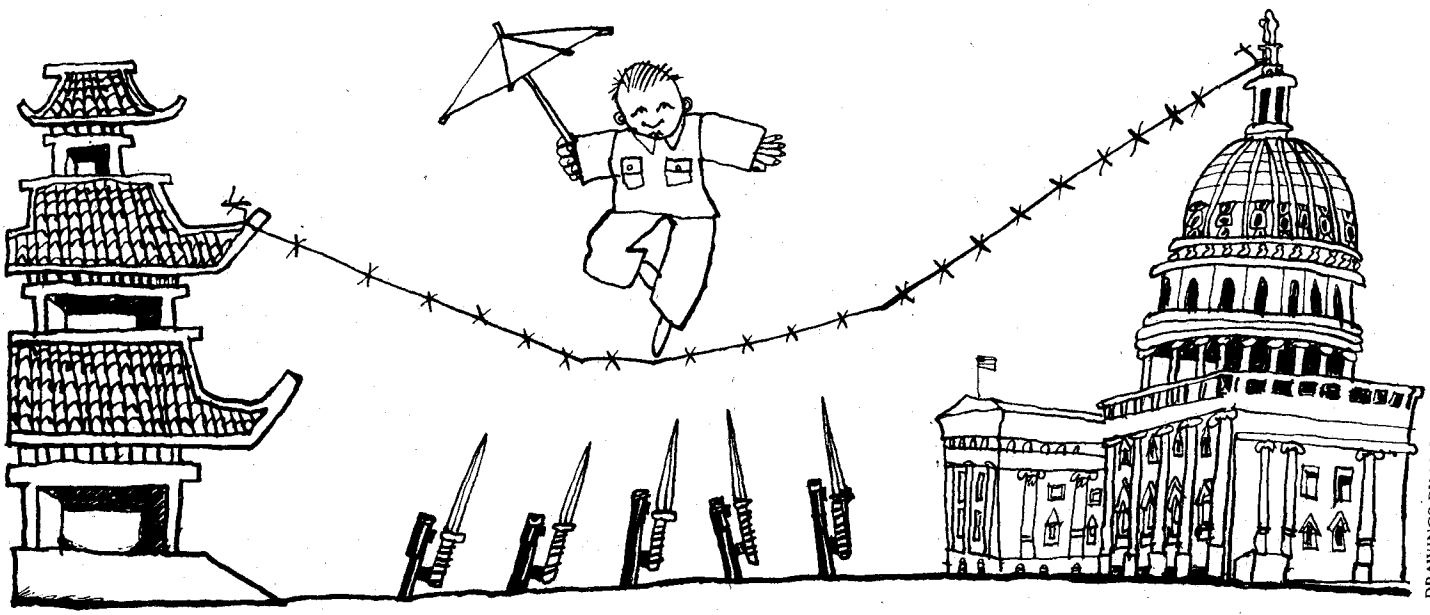
In the next few months, Sihanouk intends to visit Yugoslavia, where he hopes for a meeting with President Tito, with whom he was a co-founder of the nonaligned movement in Belgrade in September 1961. In this hope, too, he will most likely be disillusioned. Yugoslavia has been the most ardent champion of the Pol Pot regime both within the nonaligned movement and at the United Nations. In late March or early April, he hopes to visit the United States, but he has no illusions of any official support from the Carter Administration. "I am going to visit my numerous compatriots there," he told me. It is doubtful that he will find much common ground with the more prominent Kampuchean exiles now living in America, such as Lon Nol and others who overthrew Sihanouk's neutral regime, condemned him to death in absentia and opened the gates to the genocidal regime of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge. A major tragedy for Sihanouk is that those who would have constituted his active social and political base inside his country have been exterminated by the Pol Pot-Ieng Sary gang of murderers. The victims included virtually all of the genuine nationalist and patriotic intellectuals who contributed to making his regime work during the seventeen years from 1953 to 1970 when he held the real reins of power. Finding a political base among the exiles is a forlorn hope; as he has discovered in France, they are hopelessly fragmented and represent no cohesive political force.

At 57, Norodom Sihanouk is still a dynamic, intelligent, highly articulate and courageous patriot. It was a measure of his courage that despite the grim implications of Chairman Mao's instructions to Khieu Samphan, he returned with his family to Phnom Penh. Although he could have no inkling as to the full extent of the horror, he knew that he was embarking on a most dangerous enterprise. Shortly before he left, he invited my wife and me to lunch, and he told us of his intention to return. "I have informed the members of the Peking branch of the GRUNK [Royal Government of National Union, the main group in the resistance war against Lon Nol] that they are all free to return or to go into exile. The Chinese Government will issue them transit visas if they want to go to Hong Kong, France or elsewhere," he said. "But I have warned them to make their choice now. Life will be tough. They will have to get used to doing manual work in the fields and on irrigation projects. To return and afterward leave again will probably be impossible." About half of the Peking group chose to go into exile and thus their lives were saved. Almost all who returned were killed. Of those who survived, Sihanouk writes the following in his book:

> Pol Pot is a lunatic whose megalomania exceeds in its madness even that of Hitler. Ieng Sary is not "mad" in the classical sense of the term. But his personal ambition is unbounded and constitutes in fact a variation of raging insanity. "Raging" is indeed the term that fits, because it led him to liquidate all those communists of value who dared to contradict, or even slightly criticize, him. The only ones to survive in his entourage are vilely opportunist and particularly hypocritical intellectuals. . . .

By what I know of the handful of the Peking group who survived, the characterization is correct. It is to Sihanouk's great credit that he refuses to have anything to do with them. In a reply dated July 25, 1979, to a Peking-sponsored initiative from Khieu Samphan for a meeting in Pyongyang, Sihanouk wrote in part:

> . . . Between the Khmers Rouges and the person of Sihanouk, there is no problem. But there will always exist



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

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between us two problems, two insurmountable obstacles: the one constituted by the extremely grave slaughter of innocent compatriots and the other by the massacre of very numerous Sihanoukists and a goodly number of my own children, grandchildren and other relatives.* You can pass the sponge across these crimes, but I beg you to excuse my weakness in not being able to erase them from my memory and this forbids me, and will continue to forbid me, to associate myself with you again. . . .

Your former companion in the anti-imperialist struggle,
Norodom Sihanouk

Sihanouk's reply was as much a slap in the face for Peking as it was for Khieu Samphan. He has not wavered from this position despite pressures from Peking and Washington and many other capitals in between. □

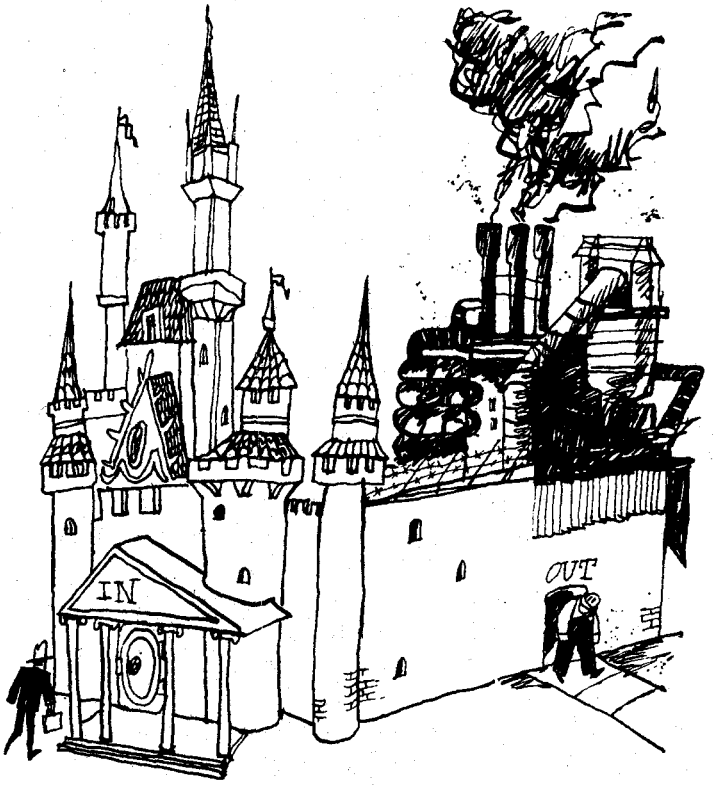
*A first cousin of Sihanouk, Princess Sisowath Monipong, told me last August that of twenty-four members of her family, forced like everyone to evacuate Phnom Penh on April 17, 1975, only she and one of her four children survived. Her husband was shot before her eyes.

DEINDUSTRIALIZING AMERICA

The Runaway Steel Industry

HARRY BRILL

In late 1979 the United States Steel Corporation announced it would close a number of plants, eliminating 13,000 jobs. Although drastic, the action was not a unique event in the industry. Two years earlier, in 1977, 10,000 steel jobs were lost when Bethlehem Steel Corporation, the nation's second largest steel producer, shut down several major facilities even though in that year domestic steel sales were the third highest in history. And that wasn't all. The notorious Lykes Corporation, now integrated into the nation's third biggest steel company, Jones and Laughlin, destroyed through a combination of mismanagement and excessive greed a potentially profitable operation, the Campbell Works, costing 4,000 steelworkers their jobs. In 1969–70, 13,000 steel jobs vanished. The following year, 1971, the steel industry sloughed off more than 40,000 jobs. Since 1965, when steel employment peaked at 583,000, the industry has lost a total of 150,000 jobs, a decline of 25 percent.



The retrenchment in the steel industry follows a broader trend in the national economy. Domestic manufacturing companies are stagnating or cutting back; they have fallen behind technologically. What we are witnessing is the deindustrialization of America. Workers and capital drift into the service sector, and we seem well on our way to becoming an underdeveloped nation. This is particularly evident in steel. Once a net exporter of steel, the United States has become a net importer. This country no longer has the capacity to produce sufficient steel to supply the domestic market and must import 10 percent of domestic needs.

Two major reasons for our stagnant economy are the penchant American multinational corporations have for investing heavily abroad and the trend toward conglomerate formation. U.S. Steel is a case study of the effects of the latter. Although it controls more than 20 percent of the steel market, 88 percent of the company's operating profits are derived from its nonsteel enterprises. Its subsidiaries are heavily involved in mortgage banking, lending and finance, the chemical business, oil exploration and other pursuits. As the corporation has moved aggressively into nonsteel areas, it has allowed its steel operations to languish. Conglomerates, by their nature, have no abiding loyalty to any particular business or location.

Also pertinent to steel's decline are Federal taxes. While the reported profits of Big Steel are often modest, Internal Revenue Service regulations allow the companies enormously generous deductions for depreciation. These provide the steel industry with substantial hidden profits and cash flow, which it can siphon off into investments elsewhere. Building and modernizing steel facilities demand huge capital investments and long-range commitments. Why should a corporation make these commitments when it can obtain a swifter and more certain return on investments by purchasing, say, a substantial interest in a profitable service-oriented operation like Disney World? Which, in fact, is exactly what U.S. Steel has done.

The Federal tax laws also provide that a business can write off—that is, deduct from taxable income—losses it incurs for permanently abandoning facilities even when they are functioning and profitable. This tax benefit, incidentally, has been most significant in expediting the relocation of plants to low-wage states. Bethlehem's write-off for abandoning some of its facilities in 1977 amounted to $750

Harry Brill is an associate professor of sociology at the University of Massachusetts at Boston.

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million, much of which represented only accounting losses, involving no actual cash outlays. This has entitled the corporation to obtain several hundred million dollars in tax credits, which it can take as refunds for taxes it had paid in past years, and as deductions against future tax liabilities.

U.S. Steel earned a profit in 1979, but as a result of being able to claim huge write-offs for its plant closings, the company reported a loss, which exempts it from income tax and also enables it to recover a hefty tax windfall. Substantial tax credits would have been gained had it been able to shut down one of its profitable plants, the Ohio Works in Youngstown, as a result of which 3,500 workers would lose their jobs. However, labor resistance has thus far prevented the closing. Since it is an old plant, substantial investments would have been ultimately necessary to keep it going. But if U.S. Steel had not been eligible for the sizable tax credits, it probably would not have attempted to abandon the operation at this time. Obviously, the multimillion-dollar tax credits the company would receive are more lucrative than the profits from continued operations.

The record of a much smaller corporation, NVF, which is also a conglomerate, provides an instructive contrast. NVF's main subsidiary, Sharon Steel, owns only one integrated raw-steel manufacturing plant, which happens to be among the nation's most modern steel mills. The corporation's rate of profit far surpasses that of the major steel producers and, moreover, its steel business has been continually expanding. An important reason for this highly successful operation is that the company lacks some of the investment and tax options that are available to the multiplant steel giants. Sharon Steel, which produces about 1 percent of domestic steel consumed, invests heavily in improving its one integrated steel mill because it really has no choice if it wishes to remain competitive.

Big Steel and Big Business generally, which control most of the nation's manufacturing output, have been pursuing, by contrast, regressive business policies. The Federal Government has been losing billions of dollars in tax revenues by assisting these industries to stultify economic growth and promote domestic retrenchment. Ironically, the current Administration continues to claim that significant Federal programs aimed at moving the economy toward full employment and improving the standard of living are too expensive. Besides, free enterprise will do the job—won't it? □

OF 'HUMAN DAMAGE'

A Life in Hard Times

The 1980s opened with the country in a "nonrecession" that included the following curious features: the United States Steel Corporation had announced in November 1979 that fifteen plants and mills in eight states would be closed, eliminating 13,000 jobs. In January, 147,000 auto workers were on indefinite layoff, with the number certain to be swelled from Chrysler ranks. Housing starts were down 14 percent in 1979 and likely to sink further. Economists foresaw the nonrecession becoming a "mild" recession in 1980, with the jobless rate rising from about 6 percent to a "mild" 8 percent. And President Carter, in a move to tighten his 1981 budget, slashed unemployment benefits, making it much harder for jobless workers to collect for longer than six months.

Since numbers cannot convey the individual suffering of millions of victims of the nonrecession, we offer the story, in his own words, of one of them—a 35-year-old welder who lives in a small Indiana town—excerpted from Harry Maurer's forthcoming book, Not Working: An Oral History of the Unemployed *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston).*

HARRY MAURER

The whole thing started back when I was fired without just cause. I was working until last July in a tool and engineering shop. And the foreman for some reason—now this is my personal opinion, but a lot of the other fellows I worked with felt the same way—just picked me out and put lots of pressure on me and fired me. Right after that they came up with a big layoff. The more people they had out of the shop at that time, the better for them. So I feel it was a combination of a personal thing and the fact that he had pressure on him to get rid of people. I don't feel I was at fault.

I had some anger, really, because I had never been fired before. I felt my work performance was good. Excellent, really. But he kept putting pressure on me for more and more work. I was doing three times the work they normally wanted on the day he fired me. And he fired me for poor work performance. There was a parking violation, other little things. Like tardiness. I was buying this house at the time, and I think on three different occasions I notified him that I would have to be late. And he still used that as an excuse. So it had to be a personal thing. I liked the job. I liked the people working there. I hated to lose it.

So I went to the unemployment office. That kinda hurt my pride a little. More than a little. I didn't really want to go, but I felt that I had to in this situation. I felt that I wanted to get them for all I could. I wanted a little bit of revenge. But even though I paid that money in, I still didn't like to go. I guess it was from the way I was brought up. Do things for yourself. Nobody gives you anything for nothing. This is the attitude I had at that time. Still have that attitude somewhat. But I've had to swallow that pride.

When I first applied, the unemployment office turned me down. So I had to get a lawyer, go to hearings, subpoena witnesses. It was April when I got fired, and it wasn't until the next December that the unemployment office finally decided in my favor, that I had been fired without just cause. So I didn't get any unemployment all that time. Only welfare.

Harry Maurer, formerly an assistant editor of The Nation, *is now writing a book on international economic cartels.*

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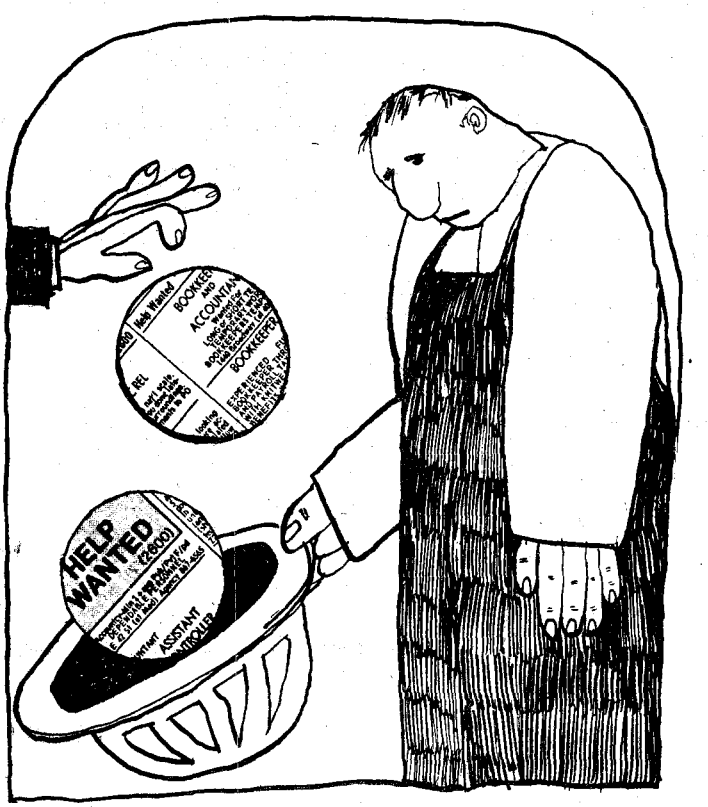
It was rough. Of course, I went out almost every day at first and tried to find work, but it was in the middle of the recession. There was just no work available. There was nothing there at all. And this came as a surprise because I had never really looked for work before. The day I graduated from high school, a friend of mine said, "Hey, we need a fellow up here." I went in the next day and had work. I got home from Vietnam on Friday, and on Monday I was back to work at the same place. They always had something for me. So this time around, first thing I did was call them. They said, "No, we don't have anything. Things have dropped." It kind of made me feel bad because I never had that experience of going out and trying to find a job. When I lost this job, it was a completely different world than before.

The first week I was out looking for something every day. Then slowly it got to where the money situation only allowed me to go out looking for work maybe once a week. Then it got to once every two weeks. I couldn't put gas in my car. I had like $400 worth of monthly bills. I was used to making $600 and I was cut to zero. I had money put away, enough to live on. A few dollars, not too many. It wasn't bad the first month. Well, the first two months. But after that the money depleted.

After the first thirty days it was beginning to run out. I knew in the next few weeks I was gonna be at zero. So I went to welfare. Then I *really* had to swallow my pride. That first day at welfare was quite a day. I've tried to push it out of my mind because they really kind of step on you. I got the feeling that they have an iron hand over you, and you're nothing. I got the feeling they didn't care. They make you sit—well, it's a common thing, even in a doctor's office you hear people complaining about this. But the sitting and waiting. Waiting for nothing. And they give you as little information as they can possibly give you. I don't think—and it's a personal opinion again—I don't think they wanted to help you as much as they should have. I mean, their job is to help. I don't think they were doing their job. You get a feeling of rejection. Especially the feeling that they're better than you. No equality. No equality whatsoever. I waited all day and they told me I would have to come back the next day. I hated to go back but I knew I had to. And then they told me I couldn't draw anything for thirty days because I'd been fired. So I had to wait another month, and I didn't get my first check until July 30. From April to July, zero money.



Then there was a food stamp problem. I qualified for food stamps, but I actually had to go out on my own to find out my rights. They didn't tell me I *didn't* qualify for food stamps. They just didn't say anything about it. They only tell you what you ask. Which I guess is all right. They're not breaking any rules. But they're not helping you either, and this is what they're for. So I had to get kind of forceful with 'em. I don't feel that I'm better than anybody else, but I didn't feel like I was gonna be pushed around. And I finally did get someplace. I said, "Look, I either get food stamps or I'm gonna make some phone calls." I actually had to raise my voice. A few swear words. Threaten to call a few people, like my Congressman. I've met the man, talked to him. And it seems if you threaten them a little bit, they bend a little more and say, "Well, O.K., we'll give you something."

It wasn't long before everything was gone. I had swallowed my pride and I was upset about everything. Welfare started giving us $224 a month; but they always gave you a hard time, and you had to go there almost every month for something. The fact of being off work and just laying around with no money. No money to put in the gas tank of the car to go look for work. There was the threat of the utility companies turning the electricity off. The telephone. Furnace running out of fuel all the time. They turned the phone off during that time, but I always managed to borrow some money someplace to keep the electricity from being turned off. I average around $36-a-month electricity, and I think at one time I had an electric bill of $200 and some. It got awful tough. Sometimes we'd be completely flat zero broke. We ran out of food a couple of times. No money to buy food stamps. Wasn't nothing we could do. We just went without. We didn't eat. That's true. Sometimes for three and four days at a time.

And pretty soon you start creating your own problems. I drank a little heavy. Started drinking when there was nothing to do. When the money ran out I couldn't afford it, but any chance I got I did. And I had too much time on my hands. Too much of being home. I think it hurts your relationship, your marriage and so forth. I know in some cases of welfare the father has to leave the home to be able to survive. I wasn't gonna let that happen. I had that gnawing at me. And the wife and I had problems. We started to have little arguments. It wouldn't have happened if I'd been working. They were senseless. They were over little or nothing. We'd just bitch at each other for nothing. We had nothing else to do, just bitch at each other. I constantly raised hell because I was unhappy. She left me at one time for three or

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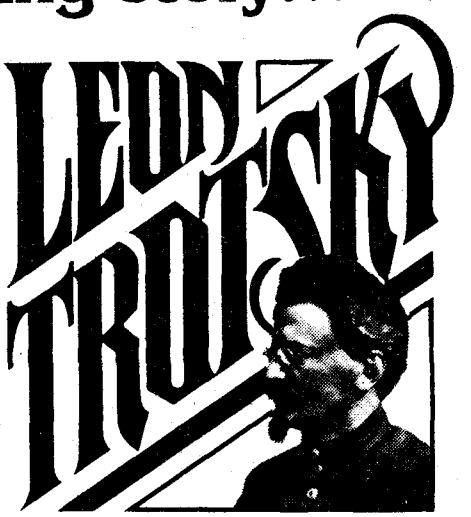

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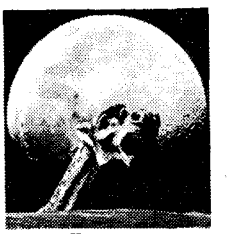

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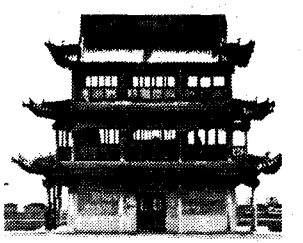

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The Silk Road

A Journey from the High Pamirs and Ili Through Sinkiang and Kansu

by JAN MYRDAL

Photographs by GUN KESSLE
Translated by Ann Henning

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four weeks. In fact, it still affects our marriage. We see a shrink regularly. Every week. And even with going and seeing a shrink it's rough.

It's hard to even remember how I passed my time. Pushed it so far back in my mind. Even that short a time ago. You just get up in the morning and wait to go to bed at night. You can't wait till it's time to go to bed. When you go to bed you can't sleep. Worrying about things. But when you get up in the morning, you just can't wait till it's time to go to bed. You sit and wait. For what I don't know. I just kept waiting on something. That's a helluva thing to get a feeling like that. That's when it's time to see a shrink.

There wasn't nothing to do but just lay around. Try to borrow some money. By that time you'd borrowed from everybody, and they wasn't gonna give you any more, because they knew they weren't gonna get any back. If your electricity was working you watched the TV. Or listened to the radio. And just get up in the morning and wait for bedtime.

For a while we visited friends, but it got to where we didn't have the gas to go. So most of our friends didn't have too much to do with us, I guess. There was one, of course, there's always one who sticks by you. But we didn't associate too much with people. 'Cause we didn't have money to associate and do the things we used to do. I borrowed money off of them until they wouldn't give me any more. And after that I didn't go around because you felt embarrassed, you couldn't give 'em back what you borrowed. You end up having to use your friends, and that's a bad scene. And I wouldn't tell anybody when we needed help worst, when there was no food. That's one bit of pride I had left. I wouldn't tell anybody. It was about the *only* thing I had left. I could do without. There'd be enough to feed the child, and even then she'd be hungry most of the time.

We had creditors after us constantly. Constantly. It got to the point where you'd look at the mail, you'd know what it was, and you just throw it aside. They just want their money, wondering when you're gonna pay. You try to explain the situation 'cause they understand to a certain point. But they're interested in their money. They don't care about you really. I can see their point somewhat. I did keep most of my bills up, just couldn't keep them all. One month it'd be somebody, and the next it'd be somebody else. I'd revolve 'em around to where they wouldn't complain too much, but there was constantly somebody complaining. They never repossessed anything. I don't know how I did it. I really don't. Somehow I did it.

When my wife left, that was the worst. I had a little bit of money. Less than $100. I made that last me all month, and somehow I managed to keep booze around pretty much of the time. I don't know how I did it. I guess by stretching a dollar. And I had no idea what was going to happen to me. No idea, no hopes, no nothing. Everything had went down the tubes. I knew things had to get better because they couldn't get worse. That's the attitude I had. It's the wrong attitude to have, I guess, but sometimes you get to a point of wanting to give up. You know you can't give up. But when you can't do anything, you have a feeling of total worthlessness. You're just worthless.

In September, after six months out of work, he found a job for $2.50 an hour. "That was only $5 more take-home than I would have got on unemployment. On $2.50 an hour in this area you don't make it too good. But it was a steppingstone." He worked there three months, then found another job as a welder at higher pay. After two months he was laid off for lack of work.

All I know is I went in one morning. There was a pink slip, and I just packed up my tool box and left. Didn't ask any questions. Went to the unemployment office. No hassles this time.

When I came home, I went out looking for work that next morning. I've had a couple of possibilities since then, thinking I was going to get a job here and there. It's taking them a little longer to say no. At least this time it's not just "Well, we're not taking applications." This time they're giving a few interviews. And giving me a little better chance. Everything is better this time. The unemployment check is coming through. No waiting period. There's enough money to cover the bills. Just barely, but there's enough to get by on. We're not starving this time. We don't run out of food like we did. And we don't have the problem of utilities. Being on unemployment isn't all that bad, compared to being on welfare.

But it's starting up again. I've been off about four months now, and it's starting again. I *got* to find work, even if it's digging ditches, because there's no way I'm going to go through that again. I'm foreseeing these things coming. Trying to do something about 'em before they happen this time.

But I have a different attitude now. I know my pride isn't as big as it used to be. It's made me a little short-tempered, short-fused. It's changed the relationship with my family. It's changed the whole surrounding. Before, things always rolled along real smooth. Now I've seen the rough part of life. I know what it's like now. Before, I didn't know what the rough part was. I've seen combat in Vietnam, but as far as how it is out in the world, I know what it's like. Maybe not as rough as what it was during the thirties. But I'm always gonna look back on this and say, "Hey, I've been through it. I know what it's like." It's been rough. Human damage, you might say. □

UNION BLACKLISTS ARE BACK

Dirty Tricks Down South

ED McCONVILLE

The blacklist, the labor spy, long historical curiosities, of interest only to radical scholars, have reemerged as an economic reality in the New South's struggle for industrial supremacy.

"Sure, they still use blacklists in the Southern textile industry," said North Carolina A.F.L.-C.I.O. president

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Wilbur Hobby several years ago. "We know they exist because we see their effects on people who can't find work anywhere. But we don't have any absolute proof. That would take a crack in the dike." The same could be said of the "Southern Conspiracy," as labor leaders refer to the combination of textile companies, police, politicians, local merchants and industrialists working together to keep unions out of the small Southern towns where most mills are located.

The dike finally cracked last summer in Milledgeville, Georgia, site of one of J.P. Stevens and Company's eighty-three plants, letting through a stream of depositions, affidavits and other admissions that told of computerized blacklisting and illegal police surveillance of union activity. The sworn statements of Milledgeville's Mayor and Police Chief, the Grumman Aerospace Corporation and others, taken in connection with a $12 million conspiracy suit filed against Stevens and two smaller textile companies by the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers Union (A.C.T.W.U.), also offer the best evidence available on the workings of the anti-union alliance behind the blacklisting and spying.

According to the recollection of Mayor Robert Rice, this alliance was formed in the summer of 1976, after the union's membership drive became the talk of the town's business community. "In the past," the Mayor stated in his deposition, "a Mayor has always more or less taken a leadership role in the community pertaining to matters of this sort, and although the question wasn't asked directly, it was kind of inferred, 'What are you going to do as the chief executive of the City of Milledgeville?' "

The Mayor decided to call city officials and representatives from J.P. Stevens, Concord Fabrics,* Meadows Industries, Grumman Aerospace, Griffin Pipe Products, Walton Manufacturing and other local companies to a meeting in his office at City Hall to discuss what they could do as civic leaders and elected officials to keep the union out of Milledgeville. He proposed that the Police Department "monitor" union meetings, take down the license numbers of those attending and run these numbers through a police computer to obtain the names and addresses of the cars' owners. Police would then type up lists of the names and other identifying information printed out on the computer, for distribution to area industrialists. "Everyone thought this would be a good idea," said the Mayor. "They could take the lists and of course check them against their personnel files to determine if any of the people meeting with union organizers were their employees or not."

With the backing of the town's leading industries assured, the plan went into effect. J.C. Green, manager of the Milledgeville Holiday Inn, where most union meetings were held, provided police with a free room above the one where union organizers were staying, which afforded them an ideal vantage point for recording workers' license numbers.

*Concord Fabrics has since settled with A.C.T.W.U. out of court.

Ed McConville writes about labor relations in the South for The Washington Post *and other publications. He has been a* Nation *contributor since 1973.*

Greater ingenuity was required when the surveillance shifted to less convenient locales. Former police detective William Donald Miller described in an affidavit how he and another detective managed to record licenses at the Cement, Lime and Gypsum Workers' hall in Milledgeville. They requisitioned a 16-year-old prisoner from the nearby Youth Development Center and told him to walk toward the union hall. "As he approached the hall," said the detective, "the squad car drew up to him and Mr. Josey pretended to stop him, pat him down, question him, then place him in the squad car as if he were under arrest. While this diversion was occurring, I observed and dictated into my tape recorder the license plate numbers of cars outside the union hall."

Police compiled the license numbers of cars indiscriminately, with the result that several traveling salesmen and other sojourners made the blacklist on the strength of a night's stay at the Holiday Inn. One 1977 surveillance report notes that "approximately 20 to 30 subjects" attended one meeting at the inn, then lists fifty-one cars "observed at the location," complete with their owners' names and addresses. Even assuming that everyone at the meeting came in a separate car, about half of the people on the list were clearly unconnected with the union activity under surveillance.

The lists compiled by private investigators employed by Grumman were equally unselective, according to the depositions of Mayor Rice and Police Chief Charles Osborne. The two city officials were critical of one such privately supplied list because its compilers had apparently "just written down every tag number that was at the Holiday Inn," including out-of-state numbers, rather than simply recording all the local license numbers as they were instructed.

One person who knew he was being watched was Mel Tate, the union organizer who led the Milledgeville campaign. The news that he was being spied on "scared the living hell out of me," Tate recalled. "My wife was fearful for my safety. My children found out about it and began asking me things like, 'Daddy, are they going to beat you up? Are you going to get shot?'

"I'd had threatening phone calls before," said Tate, "but I never took them too seriously. They're crank calls; it's part of the job. But after this I began to pay more attention to them."

The organizer said one woman who was very active at union meetings was driving home one night when someone started bumping her car in the rear. Thinking it might have been some overexuberant high school kids, she sped up so she could put enough distance between herself and them to pull into a motel parking lot. When she accelerated, the

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police car that had been bumping her pulled her over for speeding.

One worker fired for union activity at Concord Fabrics in Milledgeville had to bring an action before the National Labor Relations Board to get his job back. The labor board's general counsel, John Irving, after reading the evidence in the depositions, recently moved that the cases of two Stevens workers be reopened. Stevens had been found guilty of firing nearly 300 workers for union activity since 1963.

Some of the executives receiving the blacklists feigned ignorance as to their true purpose. Those who compiled them, however, understood their import quite well. "I didn't feel good about it," said Police Chief Osborne when the name of a friend he had worked with at Stevens in the 1950s kept turning up on the lists. "I felt like if his tag number was being turned over to the industry, if he was trying to get himself involved in any kind of union activities, I was afraid of retaliation, that he might lose his job out there." Detective Miller also said he expected the workers he was spying on to be fired.

It became "quite obvious from the way attendance had dropped off at meetings," said Mayor Rice, "that we had been successful in our surveillance work and that union activities had stopped." Tate said meeting attendance did drop sharply when news of the two-year-old spy campaign began to leak out in 1978. "People working in the plants around here got right scared to mess with us much," he said, "afraid their children and kinfolk wouldn't be able to find work for years to come. And you can't blame them. They know that if their granddaddy fooled with a union, their parents had a hard time getting employment."

It appears that N.L.R.B. attorneys investigating unfair labor practices and a CBS film crew doing a *60 Minutes* segment on Stevens with Mike Wallace were also kept under surveillance in Milledgeville. Such scatter-shot coverage, however deplorable, offered one small consolation to civil libertarians. "People won't believe this kind of thing is going on down here until it happens to them," as one union official put it with more than a trace of bitterness. "When it happens to us, we're 'paranoid.' When it happens to them, it's an outrage, the Republic is in peril, and it has to be saved in the next five minutes."

The TC 500 computer that the police used to produce the blacklists was connected with the Georgia Crime Information Center and the National Law Enforcement Telecommunications System (N.L.E.T.S.), a sophisticated computerized network similar to the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit's. (See Linda Valentino and Greg Goldin, "The L.E.I.U.—McCarthyism by Computer," *The Nation*, August 25-September 1, 1979.) Developed with Federal funding from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, the N.L.E.T.S. enables Milledgeville police to exchange information with police departments all over the country, and with a computerized intelligence clearinghouse serving the Internal Revenue Service, the Drug Enforcement Administration and other Federal agencies. When one of Grumman's labor spies overheard organizers say they were sending two or three busloads of Stevens workers to a peaceful Labor Day rally in Roanoke Rapids, a North Carolina mill town and union stronghold 400 miles away, Police Chief Osborne sent a warning over the computer to the Roanoke Rapids Police Chief and later supplied a list of Milledgevilleans who would be attending the event.

Grumman acknowledged under oath that it sent a security investigator and a lieutenant in the plant protection department at its Bethpage, New York, headquarters down to Milledgeville in 1976 to spy on union organizers and anyone associating with them. They worked under the direct supervision of the Police Chief. Grumman's vice president for public affairs, Sandy Jones, said it was "normal procedure" for the company to send security men to plants where union activity was taking place.

The aerospace firm's admissions, which came as part of a $10,000 out-of-court settlement with A.C.T.W.U. this summer, clearly implicate J.P. Stevens in the conspiracy. The union also dropped suit against the Mayor, Police Chief, motel manager and Chief of Detectives James D. Josey, in exchange for their testimony against the remaining defendants. Although the company issued a statement that it was "confident that no member of Stevens management has engaged in any unlawful conspiracy with the Mayor of Milledgeville or anyone else," Mayor Rice's testimony evoked in detail the corporation's active involvement, ranging from phone calls telling him when and where the next union meeting would be to secret rendezvous with Stevens officials and attorneys at the warehouse of his Texaco distributorship and the Milledgeville Country Club. Chief Osborne said he delivered a blacklist to plant manager William Wall in a secluded spot at the Stevens official's request. Rice said company lawyers had advised Wall not to be seen in the Mayor's office, where the lists were usually picked up.

J.P. Stevens is, of course, notorious for its outmoded labor relations. But in a region where many see "the maintenance of a union-free environment" as a necessary weapon in the economic rivalry with Northern industry, its long record of union-busting, racial discrimination and occupational health and safety violations has made it something of a hero. Stevens is thus not without friends. It is represented in the conspiracy case by King and Spalding, the prestigious Atlanta law firm that numbers Jimmy Carter's close friend and key adviser Charles Kirbo and former Attorney General Griffin Bell among its partners.

Industrial spokesmen deny that the tactics employed in Milledgeville are widespread in the South. Perhaps not. But if the dike doesn't crack every day, it cracks often enough. Southern Bell came forward in 1972 with evidence leading to the convictions of two J.P. Stevens officials for bugging an organizer's telephone and motel room in Wallace, South Carolina. Their convictions were later overturned on a technicality, but the union won a $50,000 civil settlement from the company. One professional labor spy outlined the work he did for the Wackenhut Corporation in Florida in 1977. In the same year, a North Carolina court ordered one local Chamber of Commerce to account more strictly for public

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funds it received from local governments to recruit new industry, after A.C.T.W.U. and the North Carolina Labor Law Center filed suit charging that these funds were being spent on a newsletter circulating surveillance information on organizing campaigns. One such newsletter alerted local businessmen to be on the lookout for John Barry, a probable organizer who "currently operates out of a 1973 or '74 green Dodge Polara with N.C. license KTJ-319."

The blacklisting and industrial espionage documented by the LaFollette Senate Civil Liberties Committee back in the 1930s were thought to have gone the way of the yellow-dog contract. But with American industry sprinting for the Sunbelt to escape union wages and grievance procedures, some sectors of the labor movement have responded with aggressive organizing campaigns to insure their survival. These could provoke in the decade ahead even wider usage by business of the kind of spy tactics unearthed last year in Milledgeville. □

Hunger

(Continued From Front Cover)

a right universal are now pragmatic and moral. Unless such clear norms are created and supported by an overwhelming international consensus, the politics of scarcity will dictate "triage" strategies that will keep the world in a permanent state of grotesque and dangerous conflict. Unless the respect for human life is nurtured by a powerful political consensus and supported by legal institutions, the debasement and devaluation of human life will only grow worse and the human-rights rhetoric in the United Nations Charter lose meaning.

If secure access to food is recognized as a right, then it is necessary to examine trends in the organization of the world food system to determine whether they provide a political and economic climate within which such a right can be realized. While it is true that most food is still grown locally, international trade in food is assuming ever greater importance. Increasingly, the worldwide food production and distribution system is coming under the control of a relatively small number of multinational corporations. Five grain companies effectively control the world traffic in wheat, corn, barley and soy. Two farm machinery companies control 60 percent of the farm machinery market in the United States and also have a decisive role in the world market. A small number of grain and chemical companies now control the world seed market. U.S. seed company sales abroad went up 38 percent in the first three years of the decade. The new seeds, which in some places have dramatically increased yields, require large amounts of chemical fertilizers, which the same companies supply. These "wonder seeds" of the Green Revolution now play a major role in the agriculture of some of the poorest countries of the world. In Pakistan, for example, in less than ten years the area planted with the new seeds grew from 50,000 acres to more than 32 million. Finally, retail processed food is also largely controlled by a few multinational companies. The distribution of such products is having profound effects on dietary habits all over the world, especially in poor countries where malnutrition is a severe problem. Multinational corporations play a crucial role in the food production and distribution system; the impact on world hunger and the human-rights implications of such a concentration of power over access to food are therefore of critical importance for all mankind.

The obvious must be stated at the outset. As powerful and important as they are, multinational corporations are but one element in the world food system. Local landowners, local governments, peasants and local consumers have their own interests, prejudices and traditions, and these are important in determining who eats and who does not. The food system is a chain linking producers, distributors and consumers, and many of the decisions about what people eat are beyond the control of corporations. But some of the most crucial decisions are direct consequences of their strategies and their power. As the world food system becomes increasingly internationalized and increasingly integrated, the role of the global food producers, processors and distributors increases.

At the production end of the chain, corporations have had several major effects. First, high-technology agriculture has led to an increasing concentration of land, increasing dependence upon imported materials such as seeds and fertilizers and increasing use of cash crops to maintain the economies of underdeveloped countries. As land becomes more valuable, marginal farmers are driven to sell out. To survive, they must work as sharecroppers or emigrate to the city. In addition, mechanized agriculture requires increased credit. Obviously, wealthier farmers are preferred risks for loans to buy imported seeds and fertilizers. Thus, the gap between the rich and poor increases within the country. Numerous studies in Mexico, Taiwan, China and elsewhere show that where land is more equitably shared, production increases because the incentive to produce rises. Where the poor farmer is less able to control what he grows because these decisions are made by the moneylender or the owner of the land, he is less able to provide for himself and his family. When he leaves the land and goes to the city, he is cut off from his traditional food supply. He is now in the money economy, but without a job he has no money for food. All over the Third World the influx of former farmers from the countryside far exceeds the number of available urban jobs.

Second, the mechanization of agriculture has sharply reduced employment possibilities in the countryside. In the Punjab, for example, which has been a center of the Green Revolution, the amount of human labor needed in the fields has fallen by 50 percent. According to specialist Donald Freebairn, "the introduction of mechanical harvesting will

Richard J. Barnet is co-founder of the Institute for Policy Studies, Washington, and co-author of Global Reach: The Power of the Multinational Corporations *(Simon & Schuster). His new book,* The Lean Years: The Politics of the Age of Scarcity, *will be published by Simon & Schuster this spring.*

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eventually result in an overall decrease of about 90 million man-days of employment in the Punjab, most of it for day laborers." According to K.C. Abercrombie's study, "Agricultural Employment in Latin America," two and half million jobs in agriculture were lost in 1972 in that part of the world, and the trend is continuing.

A third important consequence of multinational activity in the food system is a shift in local agriculture in Third World countries to cash crops. With the rise in agribusiness, cash cropping has increased dramatically. The principal cash crops—coffee, tea, bananas, cotton—grew more than twice as fast from the mid-1950s to the mid-1960s as the entire agricultural economy in underdeveloped countries. Coffee production in Africa has increased more than 400 percent in the last twenty years. Because export crops are profitable, subsistence crops have increasingly been replaced by cash crops for export. Land that was used for growing black beans, the staple of the poor in Brazil, has been converted to soybeans for cattle feed. Black beans then must be imported and the price is prohibitive for the poor. There are similar examples from all over the Third World. Iran, which used to be agriculturally self-sufficient, was importing $800 million of food in the last years of the Shah; much of this food came from U.S. grain companies, while agricultural land in Iran was used for export operations controlled by multinational firms.

> he development model which emphasizes growth by importing high technology and exporting agricultural products is rational and beneficial for some, but irrational and even catastrophic for

much larger numbers. Foreign sales by U.S. seed and fertilizer companies are nonetheless highly profitable. Mechanization helps the richer peasants to "get rid of tenants and to keep for themselves whatever portion of the harvest (a third to a half) used to fall due to the tenants," according to researcher S.R. Bose. Consumers of coffee, tea, bananas and strawberries around the world benefit from increased production and the owners (usually foreign) derive large profits. However, the export of luxuries undermines the incentive and the capability of Third World countries to provide basic nutrition for their people. Scarce land, credit, water and technology are pre-empted for the export market.

Contract farming attached to multinational export operations is increasingly the rule in the Third World. The contract farmers are an exploited underclass that has now become indispensable to the integrated world food system. In Guatemala, according to Ray Goldberg of the Harvard Business School, 70 percent of the cucumber pickers are children under 15. The "sorting and grading for export was done, in one operation, by twenty-seven women who were paid $.80 a day."

Rich and generally well-fed countries are now importing more and more of their food from poor countries with a high rate of malnutrition. Most of the food is nonessential —cocoa, coffee, tea, bananas or sugar. Poor countries, on the other hand, import staples from the United States—chiefly wheat, corn and rice. This divison of labor and trade contributes directly to hunger in poor countries because the producers of the export crops are paid so little—the farmer in Ghana gets about 16 percent of the export price of his cacao beans—that they cannot afford to pay for imported wheat or rice in sufficient quantities.

Contract farming in vegetable products is one example of agricultural operations in one part of the world serving the interests of people living in another. The huge increase in beef production is another example. To feed cattle, grain is converted from a relatively inexpensive source of calories into an extremely expensive, wasteful and energy-consuming product which is beyond the reach of all except an international meat-eating elite. There has been a dramatic increase in the numbers of that elite, in Europe, Japan and the Soviet Union particularly, but it is a small fraction of humankind. In Colombia, Robert Ledogar, author of *Hungry for Profits*, has shown, Ralston Purina set up a remarkably efficient chicken and egg operation that was integrated with its feed mills. The problem is that land once used to grow staples for the poor is now used to grow feed for chickens only the middle class can afford. A quarter of the population must work a week or more to buy a dozen eggs.

Thus, there is growing evidence from all over the world that food strategies that are highly profitable for the multinationals actually increase maldistribution of food and increase hunger. Many observers conclude that the bottom 20 to 60 percent of the population in various Third World "food deficient countries" that are increasingly integrated with the global food economy in the ways described have less adequate and less nutritious diets than their parents and grandparents did. The reasons transcend the operations of the multinationals, but the conclusion is inescapable that these strategies are central to the unfavorable effects of the global transformation of the world food distribution system.

The ideology that supports the global strategies of the food multinationals is comparative advantage. According to theory, specialization and increasing trade presumably are the keys to enriching all participants. But this is ideology, not science: the integrated world agriculture system operates to overfeed a few and underfeed the many. Equally important, dependence upon exporting food makes poor countries extremely insecure, for they depend upon a world market they cannot control. While production has increased dramatically for tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar and similar commodities, prices have fallen in real terms, and when compared with imported agricultural inputs and manufactured goods, disastrously so. Short-term price rises as in sugar and coffee bring a reaction because there are many competitive sources of supply. The fluctuation in agricultural exports is a direct cause of hunger in poor countries dependent upon cash crops.

The criteria of success for agribusiness is efficiency as defined in narrow economic terms. There is no doubt that more food is being produced than ever before, that there have been dramatic increases in yields, that a growing middle class around the world is eating better and that agricultural exports play a crucial role in the U.S. balance of payments. But the human costs of developing such a world food system are ignored or minimized. Sometimes it is argued

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that the starvation of millions of landless peasants and urban unemployed is a temporary phenomenon, but all the indications are that the food distribution problem is worsening. The resource waste that characterizes the food system—it is not uncommon to spend 200 calories of energy to produce one calorie of food—is assumed to be necessary and even progressive. Creating a global food market expands the horizons of profit, but it does not get food to the people who most need it at the cheapest cost in resources (fossil fuels, nonfuels, minerals and water.)

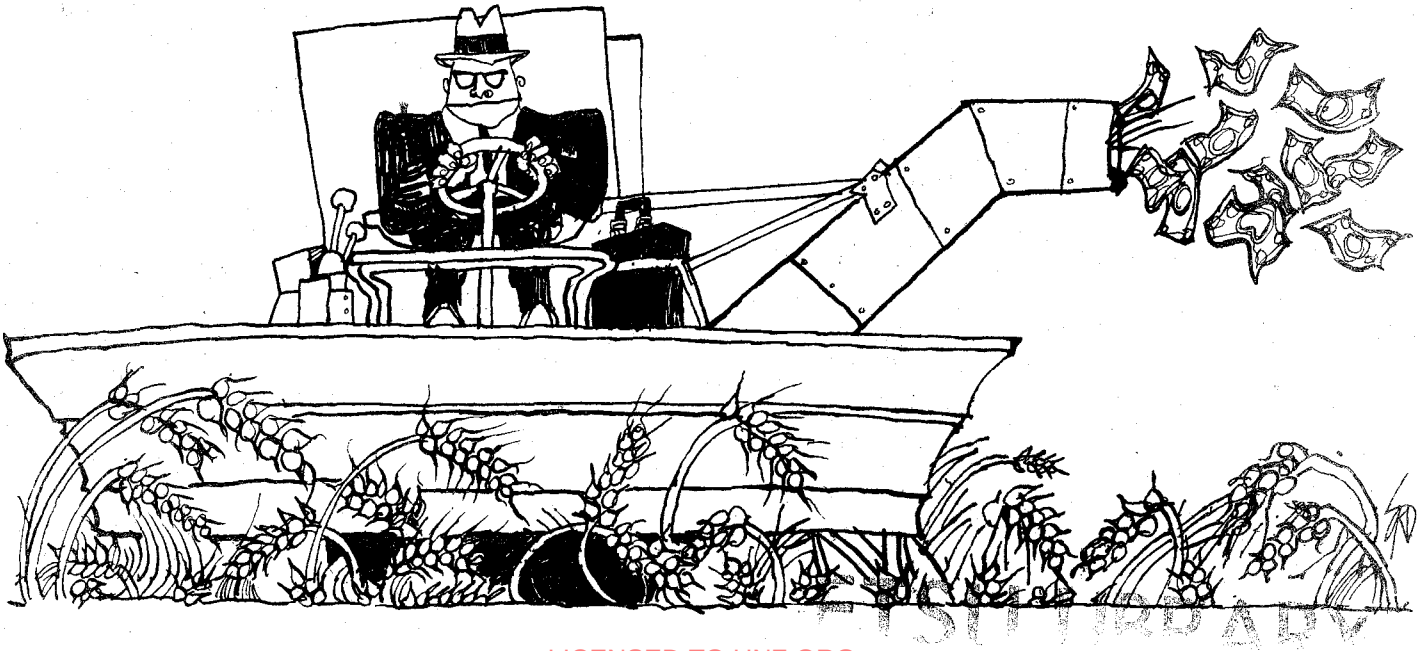
Unless the goal of feeding everyone is made an operational priority of all governments, eliminating mass hunger is not possible. Where governments do adopt a priority of providing a minimum calorie and protein level for everyone before luxury foods are imported or exports of goods are emphasized, malnutrition can be substantially overcome. A comparison of Cuba with its neighbors, and China with other Asian societies with teeming populations, suggests that eliminating hunger is a matter of political choice.

What is the responsibility of corporations in the making of these political choices? What are the responsibilities of governments? To what extent is it fair to charge corporations with being violators of human rights? To what extent is it fair to expect corporations to be aware of the consequences of their operations and to be held responsible for them?

Let us consider some examples that recur in various forms all over the world. In one, a corporation leases a large area where local crops are raised, mechanizes production and then converts it to high-price export crops, leaving the surrounding population without secure access to food or adequate income. In such a situation, corporate intervention will cause an increase in hunger directly and inevitably unless the former subsistence farmers are employed under conditions that would provide them the income to buy the calories and proteins needed for life and health. The farmers turned employees would have to be paid on a scale commensurate with the cost of imported food and other necessities of life. If they are to be integrated into the world economy, sufficient jobs would have to be created and the farmers' wages would have to be indexed in some way to world prices, for the money they receive for their product will now determine whether they eat. A corporation that is not willing to pay on such a scale is committing a clear violation of human rights. It need not depend upon any government for legislation or change of policy. It has the power itself to implement the right to food for its workers. All it needs to do is to forgo the profit margins afforded by exploitation just as it has had to forgo them in the industrial world with the rise of the labor movement, the social democratic ethic and social legislation. An international agency with the power to index prices, to monitor such corporations and to report to the public on exploitation of agricultural workers could play an important role in helping to eliminate hunger.

The second case concerns the direct impact of corporations on consumers. The multinational corporation's role in changing consumption habits and taste has had as profound a social effect on underdeveloped societies where the hunger problem is concentrated as have the changes it has wrought in the organization of food production. In *Global Reach*, some of the research on the effects of advertising and promotion campaigns were summarized:

> "The food industry in developing countries has been a disaster . . . a minus influence," says Derrick B. Jelliffe, a leading nutrition expert. Companies are using advertising to take what [nutritionist Alan] Berg calls "blatant advantage of nutrition consciousness." J.K. Roy's studies in West Bengal show that poor families under the influence of advertising are buying patent baby foods "at exorbitant rates" although they could buy local cow's milk at much lower cost. They had been persuaded (falsely) that the packaged food has "extraordinary food value." In the Caribbean, Berg reports, nurses are employed by companies to get the names of new mothers at the hospital and then to "race to the women's homes to give free samples and related advertising."
>
> In his studies of changing dietary habits in rural Mexican villages, Joaquin Cravioto finds that the two products which peasants want and buy the moment they come into contact with the advertising message are white bread and soft drinks. Bread becomes a substitute for tortillas.



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Depending upon how enriched it is, there may be some gain in protein and vitamins, but a loss in calcium. But the most important impact of this shift in eating habits in poor villages is that it takes a much greater share of the virtually nonexistent family food budget. Coca-Cola, nutritionally speaking, is a way of consuming imported sugar at a high price. People like the taste, but its popularity, as Albert Stridsberg [in *Advertising Age*] points out, is due to the advertising campaigns of the global giants. "It has long been known that in the poorest regions of Mexico," he notes with satisfaction, "where soft drinks play a functional role in the diet, it is the international brands—Coke and Pepsi—not local off-brands, which dominate. Likewise a Palestinian refugee urchin, shining shoes in Beirut, saves his piastres for a real Coca-Cola, at twice the price of a local cola."

Clearly, the Coca-Cola Company cannot be held responsible if a farmer starves his children so that he can guzzle Cokes. However, a local government that permits or encourages the importation of expensive sugar when its people are starving should not be immune from a human-rights indictment.

There are some situations where the lethal consequences of corporate promotion strategies are so obvious that persisting in these strategies constitutes a clear violation of human rights. The infant formula case is a classic illustration. Nestlé and other integrated food companies have for many years been promoting infant formula in Third World countries by advertising and using hired "nurses" to visit maternity wards and advise mothers on the benefits of infant formula. Not only is formula obviously more expensive than breast-feeding but warm climates, lack of refrigerators and, above all, contaminated water with which the formula is mixed mean that it is a life-threatening product. The babies die of diarrhea. The evidence of these effects has been available for several years. The companies issue statements denying the effects and claim that they have desisted in the promotion campaign, but there is evidence that this is not the case. Investigating such charges and preparing indictments against specific companies should be the responsibility of an international agency; equally important, such information should be available for use in the United Nations, particularly when specific cases warrant condemnation by the General Assembly.

A third case where corporations have a profound effect on world hunger is in research. As Susan George has shown in *Feeding the Few,* research choices have crucial consequences. Certain products can be developed which, it can be safely predicted, will increase hunger. Others can open up the possibilities of feeding millions who otherwise might go hungry. Although research investment in the food business is among the lowest among major industries, a significant emphasis has been on the development of substitutes for primary agricultural commodities for commercial products. A big shift from sugar to fructose made from corn oil in response to the sudden high price of sugar in 1974 took place in the industrialized countries. Since then per capita sugar consumption in the United States fell about 10 percent and consumption of fructose corn syrup, which is twice as sweet as sugar, has almost doubled. (It is used principally in soft drinks, jams, confectionary and bakery products, which account for about three-quarters of all the sugar consumed in the United States.) The consequence has been the depression of the world sugar market; world sugar reserves now stand at about 30 percent of annual consumption. Continued depressed prices mean, of course, that real wages of sugar workers in poor exporting countries fall. The process is compounded by the imposition of import quotas to protect the failing domestic sugar industry in the United States.

We have seen how technological innovations associated with the Green Revolution had the paradoxical effect of increasing hunger in certain places while it increased the food supply. Other research and development decisions are having similar effects. Research choices are made by corporations in accordance with their goals of increasing profits, assuring long-term access to basic commodities needed for the manufactured items on which high profits are realized, and increasing their share of the world market for such items. These goals frequently conflict with the goal of increasing the world food supply and food access for the hungriest people. Large farm interests have succeeded in minimizing Federal funds for research on new crops; there is little interest in developing technology that could help feed the hungriest because these people, without government subsidies, do not constitute a market. In times of austerity, food aid declines; what remains is geared to the promotion of new markets for existing agricultural products, not developing new products to increase the access of poor people to food. As a consequence, according to a *Business Week* report, fewer than twenty out of 350,000 plant species are cultivated today as food and fiber crops.

If a hunger crisis is to be avoided, decisions about what and where to grow ought to be vested in institutions with an incentive to feed the hungry. The failure to develop food supplies for the hungry is not something for which corporations can now be held responsible. Such inaction on their part is a different matter from harmful actions like producing products that are inherently dangerous because they are either impure or mislabeled or because the way they are consumed in certain cultures will cause predictable harm. But the international community has the responsibility to increase food access by making available appropriate technology where it exists and encouraging its development where it does not exist so that food self-sufficiency can increase.

A world food plan to achieve these goals is essential. Failure to mobilize energy and political support for restructuring the world food production and distribution system over the next decade is failure to meet the most basic of basic needs: this is a clear violation of human rights. There are practical steps to alleviate hunger that governments can initiate, and that corporations, working within new ground rules, can help to implement. If these steps are not taken, one must conclude that corporations and governments are complicit in what the Latin American bishops at Medellin, Colombia, called "institutional violence." Whether a death sentence is pronounced in a board room, an economic ministry or the headquarters of the secret police, whether in innocence or by neglect or by design, the effects are the same. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Born Again: False Profits Of the Social Gospel

DONALD MEYER

THE EMERGING ORDER: God in the Age of Scarcity. *By Jeremy Rifkin with Ted Howard. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 303 pp. $10.*

Is there a zero-growth, steady-state economy in our future? Sweet reason might seem to say so. Reason faces the facts of resource depletion, worldwide atmospheric pollution, impending Malthusian horrors. Without early and large reductions in the growth rates of high-energy economies, today's sporadic instabilities could quickly become tomorrow's calamities. "The evidence is overwhelming," or so the authors of this, one more in the genre of prophetic warnings, tell us. Rehearsing familiar data, Jeremy Rifkin and Ted Howard hardly improve upon the standard alarm.

But they do offer an unconventional hope. After summarizing the dark economic facts, they devote the bulk of their book to a "religious response," a "new spiritual awakening" within evangelical American Protestantism, where an "alternative Christian community" is being forged. Here, principles and values have been emerging consistent with steady-state rather than high-growth economy. Such as? For one, the idea of man's "dominion" over nature, which, for "liberalism," sanctioned the "exploitation" of nature, has been redefined by the evangelicals to mean man's responsibility for stewardship, conservation, "faithfulness" toward nature. Among the "charismatics" surfacing in many Christian churches, Rifkin and Howard claim that two practices in particular offer much. Allegedly, "spiritual healing" rejects the manipulative techniques prompted by materialistic modern science, while "glossolalia"—speaking in tongues—offers freedom from the manipulative languages of specialization, professionalism, expertise, the Babel of "communication" rather than "community." Rejecting liberal Protestantism's man-centered faith in technology, the evangelicals and charismatics are reviving a piety of collaboration between man and nature, man and God. And so, just as twice before in American history, a broad economic change will supposedly match a spiritual one—yet another Great Awakening, generating another "covenant" providing order for the nation.

Is any of this plausible? Certainly various polls and membership counts show liberal churches in decline and evangelicals growing. More interesting are the signs of collective enterprise. Thirteen hundred evangelical radio stations, two TV networks with hundreds of affiliates, hundreds of private schools, numerous thriving colleges, flourishing publishing houses and even, here and there, "total church living complexes," where the devout can confine their patronage to evangelical banks, cafeterias, garages and "Christian beauty shops," all testify to the evangelicals' potential as a coherent interest group. But are they developing along the lines Rifkin and Howard hope they'll follow? The authors know very well that mainstream evangelicalism has no policy on inflation or energy, on pollution, on population control, or indeed, on any of the major issues for an "emergent order," unless it be on feminism, which it opposes, and racial integration, on which it remains, after lo! these many years, still ambivalent.

They also know that the single largest element of evangelicalism is Southern and Southwestern, and they agree that, in its "kind of special time capsule," the South is less rather than more receptive to the harsh facts of impending scarcity. They are sensible enough to observe the potential here for what they do not hesitate to call "fascism." Evangelical TV may indeed manifestly reject "liberalism," but hardly in the spirit of Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner, more in that of Clay Whitehead and Spiro Agnew. Obviously Rifkin and Howard hope that evangelicals will draw back from tribal righteousness to fulfill what they describe here as the invigorating and liberating potential of the religious revival, especially among the charismatics. But as Richard Quebedeaux makes plain in his studies of the charismatic evangelicals, upon which Rifkin and Howard rely, this "social gospel" application of the faith registers only a tiny minority. However earnestly Rifkin and Howard hope, they provide us—mere rational outsiders—with no reason to join them. Then why have they wanted to find the lineaments of hope in such questionable precincts?

What unifies this book is not in fact some coherent assessment of the resources for an "alternative" to high-energy society but its rhetoric of indictment of that society. It is not nearly enough for Rifkin and Howard that the United States is running out of economic resources; it must be running out of cultural, intellectual, and above all psychological—"spiritual"—resources too. To disinterested observation, this seems by no means a necessary conjunction. Why might not a society overflowing with cultural, intellectual and spiritual resources find itself confronting material scarcity? But Rifkin and Howard want it the other way. American society is made up of "millions of childlike individuals" unified only by a "vast consumer fantasyland of indulgences." "Neuroses, anxiety attacks, hypertension are all synonymous with life in the popular culture." "Selfism" reigns. And, unable to figure out what the "real" sources of our anxieties are, "we" are "frightened" and "desperate."

This of course is not the language of analysis. It is the language of preaching, preaching in the style of evangelical revivalists, the language, that is, of jeremiads and lamentations. The "world" has gone rotten; come out of the world. In nothing are Rifkin and Howard more conventional than in this rhetoric: in America even parents have been "stripped of virtually all their authority," reduced "to the role of helpmates or even playmates." In this ritualistic conventionality, Rifkin and Howard prompt us to wonder whether these lamentations are serving some inner needs rather than public understanding. Two of their habits are especially troubling.

Donald Meyer is the author of The Positive Thinkers: Religion as Pop Psychology from Mary Baker Eddy to Oral Roberts *(Pantheon Books).*

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Most of the scientific warnings about energy and resource scarcities reckon on a worldwide scale. The way Rifkin and Howard tell their story makes the problem a morality tale of America only. It is not that they are insensitive to the global data but rather they are unprepared for the moral ironies and dilemmas inseparable from planning for a global low-growth future. Declaring that it is America's choice whether the future will justify Hobbes or Jesus, Rifkin and Howard conveniently imply that Jesus stands for antipollutant, conservationist, steady-state economics. But for the United States to adopt such an economics today, tomorrow or in this century would, on some highly rational reckonings, doom Third and Fourth World multitudes to permanent poverty. Obviously, this was not what "social gospel" evangelicals had in mind when, some years ago, they called on the affluent nations of the world to reduce their living standards for the sake of the impoverished multitudes; reducing living standards at the expense of reducing American productive powers would hardly leave much to share.

Parallel to this "isolationist" evasion of the truly hard choices is Rifkin and Howard's habit of overlapping the words "liberalism" and "industrialism" with "capitalism," as though Communist nations were not also fully implicated in high-growth resource depletion, worldwide pollution and the widening contrast between the standard of living in First and Third World nations. Certainly their purpose is not to conceal some apology for the socialist bloc, or for "socialism," or for any politics at all. It is rather to preserve the conviction that the present system—"American liberalism," "self-ism," consumerism, narcissism—is spiritually bankrupt.

Thus, the search for a "surrogate proletariat" goes on. Rifkin and Howard concede that the counterculture of the 1960s, Consciousness III and the Age of Aquarius failed to be true "alternatives," but that what we need is a moral alternative they have no doubt. The basic structure of revival-myth thinking holds firm: there are two worlds. One is secular, materialistic, doomed; the other is sacred, free, salvationary. One is individualistic, selfish, the other communal and sealed in a covenant. Anxiety prevails in the one, faith in the other.

Rejection of such a model is hardly the monopoly of "secular"-minded, faith-less intellectuals. For years now the French Protestant critic of technological society, Jacques Ellul, has warned Gospel evangelists not to make the mistake of thinking modern society empty, irreligious and materialistic. It has to the contrary expressed and embodied powerful spiritual forces. The "Gospel," in Ellul's view, cannot be justified by the failure of the modern world but only against that world's success. Otherwise the Gospel is just another among history's multitudinous anodynes. Of course, the skeptical intellectual does not need Ellul to see that there is something dubious about the proprietor of one line of goods declaring the bankruptcy of another.

For those already hoping that the Blessing of the Holy Spirit might mean a new world, this book should be heartening. For others, there seems no alternative to facing hard facts without promise of soft solutions. Should the evangelical churches prove a part of the solution, who would not benefit? Meanwhile, a healthy suspicion that they are part of the problem is not unwarranted. Where else do we find more preoccupation with high growth than among the evangelicals, proud of growing faster than the liberal churches, proud of already being bigger than liberalism, eager to hear they are the biggest single force in American Christendom? Nowhere but among the evangelical Southern Baptists are "congregations" of 10,000, 12,000, 15,000 souls to be found, under the patriarchal aegis of some preacher proud his word is the same today as yesterday and as it will be tomorrow. At the same time, nowhere more than among the evangelicals has the impersonality of electronic evangelism flourished better, and it is on the screens of evangelical TV that those wishing to call in money are offered a toll-free number while those with a personal need must make a toll call. Finally, there has always been something odd in the perspective of reporters, historians, anthropologists and such, who, free of the need for faith themselves, argue the usefulness of faith for others. One senses in Rifkin and Howard's book the testimony of a personal faith, but since it is hidden behind the facade of public reportage, it is no more persuasive than their researches into evangelicalism. □

Letters From The New Democracy

LARZER ZIFF

AFTER THE REVOLUTION: Profiles of Early American Culture. *By Joseph J. Ellis. W.W. Norton. 256 pp. $16.95.*

When the indefatigable English reformer, Harriet Martineau, visited ex-President James Madison in the last year of his life, she engaged him in conversation about the state of American literature. Martineau, with her exacerbated sense of the social injustice that riddled British life, had an optimistic and yet shrewd eye for those aspects of America that promised better. She was always on the alert for voices that she might recognize as speaking from the heart of the slovenly continent, voices that were truly American.

While most who thought about such matters in the 1830s believed that a notable body of American literary works would have to await the fuller development of conditions of civility—stabilized property, the growth of leisure time, the achievement of a sophisticated code of manners, the accretion of local legends—Martineau suspected that when such occurred American literature would be, in effect, finished rather than beginning, because at that point America would simply have its version of English literature. Rather, she wanted to read and hear those who treated matters and spoke in a style characteristic of a land where nature still was, as she put it, the empress rather than the handmaiden, and where the doctrine of the supremacy of the individual still dominated the national outlook. She thought she had heard that voice only once, issuing from a New Englander named Emerson who had as yet but a small audience. What did old President Madison think about the possibility of a national letters?

Larzer Ziff is the author of The American 1890s *and* Puritanism in America. *He teaches literature at the University of Pennsylvania.*

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He said, Martineau wrote, "that the utterance of the national mind in America would be through small literature, rather than large, enduring works. After the schools and pulpits of the Union are all supplied, there will remain an immense number of educated sons of men of small property, who will have things to say; and all who can write, will." Madison envisaged neither the profession of literary authorship nor the emergence of a great *belles-lettres* in America. The people who had the time and education would supply their countrymen with whatever writings they required—most such manifestly devoted to morals, law, religion and history—because poetry, the novel and the drama were, in effect, the byproducts of old hierarchical societies rather than the natural outgrowth of a society based on justice and reason. Democrats would need no special class of men of letters; one or any of them would be able to meet whatever need for writing arose from the affairs of the res publica at the time it did arise.

Madison's view was not peculiar to him. In the period during and immediately after the American Revolution, patriot sentiment commonly went hand in hand with the notion that the fine arts were dependent upon an exploitive society in which a leisure class patronized writers with the profits derived from the reduction of the masses to nonentity. The artists repaid patronage by providing both works for the delectation of the patrons and entertainments that kept the masses anesthetized if not content in their degraded condition. Once men were equal and literate the need for such productions would disappear with the artificial condition that had created it.

The attitude is epitomized in the debate Tom Paine conducted with Edmund Burke over the meaning of the French Revolution. Not only did Burke organize his written reaction as that of a man of outraged sensibility but he engaged the sensibilities of his readers on his behalf through presenting the horrors of the Revolution theatrically. History could legitimately be presented as drama, he argued, because the very function of drama was to sensitize men to the values of the human community. "Indeed," he wrote, "the theatre is a better school of moral sentiments than churches where the feelings of humanity are . . . outraged" by the preaching of radical doctrines. Having learned to weep at Garrick's presentation of a fallen king and Siddons's presentation of a dishonored queen, said Burke, he was all the better prepared to shed tears when French history presented him with the reality.

Paine derided Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France* as mere theatrical claptrap. The stage, he suggested, had not trained people in moral sentiments but, rather, had trained them in ruling-class sympathies. While they were habituated to lament the fall of kings, they were kept ignorant of the basic principles of human rights so that the reality of countless common men suffering in prisons scarcely affected them. The counter to this was a just, democratic society, and when such arrived the theater would no longer be necessary because passion would respond directly to the dictates of reason rather than require the artificial stimulus of a sensibility conditioned by the ruling class. Paine did not believe, as later fervent, egalitarian apologists for a democratic literature drove themselves to believe, that the common man should become the subject of imaginative literature for the plain and good reason that democracy would remove the need to make appeals to fantasy.

Of course, there were those who swam against this stream, affirming that the rising glory of America in economics and politics would inevitably mean the emigration to the New World of the muses and the opening of the period of their greatest splendor. Such optimists flew in the face of facts, facts about the conditions needed to support the artist and facts about the marketing of art to a rural population, and they also blinked at the more massive if less tangible obstacles of patriotic and religious distrust of the arts. In *After the Revolution*, Joseph J. Ellis tells the story of the four most notable blinkers: Charles Wilson Peale, painter turned, of necessity, into pre-Barnum showman; Hugh Henry Brackenridge, novelist turned, of necessity, into frontier lawyer and politician; William Dunlap, dramatist turned, of necessity, into impresario of mindless melodrama, and Noah Webster, corrector of morals as well as spelling, turned through hard work and conservative political allegiances into a man of means.

All were eccentrics—by definition they would have to be if they took seriously the prospect of making a living by painting or writing in their America —and Peale, Brackenridge and Dunlap, moreover, were engaging eccentrics. Each of their stories has been told more than once, but Ellis's particular reason for the retelling is that by juxtaposing their careers as he does he captures "profiles of early American culture." But it comes as no surprise even to a reader who has not met these men before that the rising glory of America was insufficiently advanced to shed shekels on them. It finally yielded a competence only to the pedant who eschewed the arts.

Ellis is correct in claiming that by revisiting his subjects we acquire some sense of the culture of their day. But with the exception of Peale, nobody unconnected with scholarship or antiquarianism would today want to revisit their works. If one reads for intellectual or esthetic rewards, one does not now read Brackenridge, Dunlap or Webster.

And yet the striking fact is that the more consequential culture of the period, which is not profiled in this book and which produced views such as Madison's, did, indeed, also produce a literature that rewards today's reader. If we look for it in poems we shall be disappointed and if we look for it in novels we shall be disappointed. But if we look for it precisely where Madison told Martineau it would occur, then we have the fine feast of such items as Crèvecoeur's *Letters From an American Farmer* (1782), Jefferson's *Notes on the State of Virginia* (1787) and Bartram's *Travels* (1791) to name but three. Each is the presentation of a democratic citizen busy about his own unliterary con-

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cerns and yet each sounds the voice of the new continent rather than echoing the traditions of English literature in a new setting.

All have an egalitarian fervor. But in each there is also a vision of the nightmare that can dissolve the democratic surface and engulf the new land in horror. It is this tension that makes them exciting reading: the tension between Crèvecoeur's response to plowed fields and his suspicion that evil cannot be outrun; between Jefferson's glimpse of the vista beyond the Blue Ridge and his terror at the jagged, natural landscape that must be traversed before it can be reached; between Bartram's rapture when he glimpses a pool so pellucid that each of its inhabitants swims unattacked since each lacks cover from which to attack and his awe when he sees waters in which limpidity and so equality is missing and the alligators feed on smaller fry with relish. The precarious venture of their society is not so much the explicit theme of these authors as it is the realized effect of their marvelous eye for images in the American landscape that cohere the complexity of the American condition. Such literary realization in professedly didactic works provides us with the best writing from the period and the most revealing profile of the culture. □

Precise Irony

BEN SONNENBERG

LA FONTAINE: Selected Fables. *Translated by James Michie. The Viking Press. 273 pp. $15.95.*

The *Fables* of Jean de La Fontaine is one of the world's great books that is fun to read. These poems mattered to Paul Valéry; they still delight little kids. They make you think and they make you laugh. Unlike the contents of many such books, dear to critics and children alike, they have a potent satirical sting and very great formal value.

Published in the thick of the reign of Louis XIV, *Fables choisies mises en vers* was popular from the first. It spoke to a lately formed national taste for ironic thought that was of a turn "*vif, précis et délicat*," to quote Voltaire on La Rochefoucauld. The fables speak to our own taste for art with stirrings long overlooked. They sound more Racine than Aesop to us, more Pascal than La Rochefoucauld: a Peaceable Kingdom with dark overtones, incipiencies of the nation-state; a courtly world where battle is joined no less against justice and reason than against riches and strength. But only their doom is Louis Quatorze and only our readings date them. The fables' fun is forever.

La Fontaine: Selected Fables contains eighty-one of the more than 200 poems. James Michie, the English translator, writes that his choice was "biased towards those that are traditionally famous, those that tell a good story—and, it must be confessed, those that lent themselves more easily to translation." But Michie's success has been so great as to suggest that with La Fontaine we must know everything, even the least, exactly as with Racine and Molière. Michie's work is amazingly good: true and clear and sure of effect. His translations are miracles in the sense that each and every part fits neatly into a complex whole. They propose something important about translating itself. In addition, as Geoffrey Grigson remarks in an excellent introduction, they are "earthier and sharper than Marianne Moore's, and without the coyness into which Edward Marsh often collapsed."

The "traditionally famous" include "The Town Rat and the Country Rat," "The Fox and the Grapes," "The Crow and the Fox," "The Hen Who Laid Golden Eggs" and "The Cicada and the Ant," possibly the most famous.

The cicada, having chirped her song
All summer long,
Found herself bitterly deprived
When the north wind arrived—
Not a mouthful of worm or fly.
Whereupon in her want
She rushed round to her neighbour the ant
And begged her to supply
Some crumbs on loan to keep body and soul together
Till next spring. "On my word as an animal
I swear," she said, "to repay
With interest before the harvest ends."
Of the ant's few faults the minimal
Is that she never lends.
"What were you doing during the hot weather?"
She asked the importunate insect.
"With all respect,
I was singing night and day
For the pleasure of anyone whom chance
Sent my way."
"Singing, did you say?
I'm delighted to hear it. Now you can dance!"

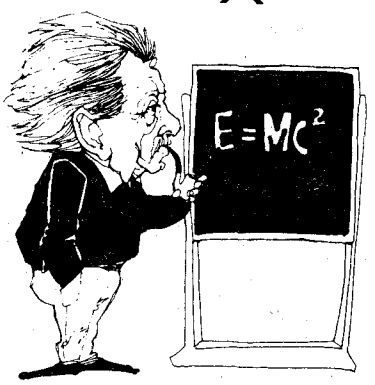
This shows not only prosodic skill (in no small measure graphic, as cannot well appear here) equal to the complexities of line length, and of meter and rhyme, for which La Fontaine is noted. But also how Michie subdues his skill to an easy tone and style of address, likewise hallmarks of La Fontaine, so as to give the last four words their fully lethal effect. It further shows a remarkable knack, as much Michie's as his original's, for making a famous antique source (Aesop here) topical, pointed and current.

Michie has the judgment not always to do this, however. In the wonderful fable, "*La Cour du Lion*," La Fontaine has written:

Par ce trait de magnificence
Le prince à ses sujets étalait sa puissance.
En son Louvre il les invita.
Quel Louvre! un vrai charnier dont l'odeur se porta
D'abord au nez des gens . . .

Ben Sonnenberg is the author of Jane Street *and other plays.*

LET'S MAKE IT NUCLEAR



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Michie translates these (for their ease and plainness) exceedingly difficult lines:

> This generous act
> Was a parade of power in fact.
> He asked them to his palace.
> Palace? A place
> More like a charnel-house, whose
> stench attacked
> The nostrils of his guests! . . .

Could anything be better? A classic example of erudite updating such as La Fontaine delighted in is Jonson's great song in *Volpone*, "Kiss me, sweet," which, though it comes from Catullus, numbers Celia's kisses by (italics in Jonson) "All the grasse that *Rumney* yeelds,/ Or the sands in *Chelsey* fields,/ Or the drops in silver *Thames*," and which has the extra dimension of occurring in a stage play set in sixteenth-century Venice. With its ultramodern resonances, "Louvre" would have impressed us the same, but Michie is more subtle as the "secret" of *Palace? A place* attests. A measure of Michie's resourcefulness is that he seems to show *what* he does not do as gracefully as *why*. Here Michie forgoes the obvious to achieve an effect of disinterested irony, fundamental to the fables.

A minor irritation of this strikingly well-designed book has to do with the illustrations by the great French caricaturist, J.J. Grandville, prepared in about 1830. They are too much of their time, I believe, to illustrate Michie's translations except in the broadest sense. To make matters worse, they are blurry.

Otherwise *La Fontaine: Selected Fables* more than appeals to the eye. Its good looks also instruct. It is uniform in typeface with the first editions of Michie's *Odes of Horace, Poems of Catullus* and *Epigrams of Martial*. This underscores Michie's affinity with foreign poets whose virtues of style are best conveyed in an English that is both somewhat resistant and plain-and-learned at once.

In a beautiful essay on La Fontaine, "On the Subject of Adonis," Valéry said that "the exigencies of a strict prosody" confer a resistant quality on easy and natural language to make it "deaf to our wishes." Thus Michie's poets seem to me deaf to "versions" and "imitations." Michie himself would seem to insist that they come to us in translation absolutely or not at all.

The quality "plain-and-learned at

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once"—Augustan so far as the term connotes strict prosody-easy language—results in elegance as understood in mathematics and chess. Concinnity may be a better word for something which, here anyway, must suggest how much Michie loves puzzles. An annual winner in *The Times* of London crossword puzzle contest, Michie is also the editor of the weekly "competition" in *Spectator* magazine.

Another affinity Michie has is for the social relationship of noble patronage. This is especially interesting for being mirrored in Michie's own verse. With the Roman poets, patronage was an actual obsession. With La Fontaine, things are indirect. In very large part the fables are paradigmatic of cunning for circumventing this painful, because too vital, connection. It is easy to read them as parodies of the famous Renaissance manuals of gentlemanly conduct, like Castiglione's *Book of the Courtier*. Their strategic character further appears by contrasting La Fontaine with Molière, who, though he surely had more to lose, dealt explicitly with this subject.

As instructive a comparison is with certain court painters of the seventeenth century, notably Velázquez (who made a hero of Aesop too). La Fontaine is like Velázquez in that each implies stratagems for genius vis-à-vis politics, arms and wealth: cunning in the poet's case, arrogance in the painter's.

As an archetype of autonomy, genius is sometimes replaced by crime, not only in modern literature. Often it is an irony for the individual's conscience as superior to the collective's. That is so in Michie's "Dooley Is a Traitor," published in 1959 (in *Possible Laughter*, his one book not of translation) and reprinted in *The Oxford Book of Twentieth Century English Verse*. Here a convicted murderer argues against being drafted into the army. A judge sneers at him:

> "A criminal invokes conscience to his aid
> To support an individual withdrawal from a communal crusade
> Sanctioned by God, led by the Church, against a godless, churchless nation!"

I don't know that this proves an affinity, but it does show a deep and long-standing concern with something of which noble patronage is only the mundane side. That is faith as in the phrase "keeping faith." Is anything more material to translation as a whole? Faith either is its quintessence or *traduttore traditore*, to translate is to betray, is meaningless altogether.

James Michie is unusual in his feeling for this sense of faith. It makes him an ideal medium for these great poems of mind and play born of an epoch crucial to varieties of faith. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

At a time when relations are icing between the United States and the U.S.S.R., films from two Soviet-bloc countries are playing in New York. They are *Angi Vera*, by the Hungarian director Pal Gabor, and *The Apple Game*, directed by the Czechoslovak Vera Chytilova, whose *Daisies* played here several years ago. The coincidence is no more than that, but the ability of the directors to work as freely as they do (even granting that they risk professional banishment by doing so) suggests that the satellite governments rule less authoritatively than Moscow may find appropriate. It could be that the present occupation of Afghanistan not only bespeaks a defiance of the West's opinion and interests but is also a warning to those within the Russian orbit who would defy the Kremlin.

Both films are intensely interesting, but *Angi Vera* (the Hungarians reverse proper names in formal print) is the more substantial. Set in 1948, when the Communists were consolidating their power in Hungary, it recounts the attempt by a young woman, essentially timid and almost entirely uneducated, but at least initially passionate in defense of truth and justice, to understand and work in harmony with the new order. In an opening scene, Vera Angi (Veronika Papp) is attending an assembly at the hospital where she works as a menial. A functionary of the place is delivering a speech composed of platitudes about the triumph of the workers and the dawning of an age of peace and joy through rewarding work. Vera rises and, in faltering sentences, denounces the indifference of the hospital's administrative heads toward the staff and the inadequacy of the care bestowed on the patients.

This earns her an angry interview with the director of the hospital, but it recommends her to the local party leaders, who are on the lookout for promising recruits to the rapidly forming Stalinist bureaucracy. They congratulate Vera on her indignant defense of the people and send her off to a workers' school, also a re-education camp for deviationists. That center—the conflicting currents within its student body, the oppressive watchfulness of its evaluators, the ever-present suspicion of spying, and the effect of these on the yet unformed character of Vera—is the subject of the film. She is strongly drawn to her teacher, an awkward and gentle fellow who senses her vulnerability and appreciates her intelligence; she comes under the influence of an older woman, a longtime freedom fighter who now takes the doctrinaire party line. Another young woman, also with a record of underground heroism, attracts Vera by her frank earthiness and scorn for apparatchik cant; moved by the loneliness of a middle-aged miner who despairs of learning from books, Vera helps him with his assignments.

At the crisis of the film, Vera and her teacher declare their love for each other and spend a night together when his wife is away on a trip. He importunes her to come to him again, but she will not, for her first tryst has been noticed, presumably by the older woman, her jealous mentor. In his passion, the man threatens her from his position of authority. Then comes a session of evaluation and self-criticism. Vera, of all those put through this inquisition, is handled with smiles and given a high score for accomplishment and attitude. But by now she has learned how to get ahead in this new society. She reveals the liaison, denies her love, declares her repentance and when last seen is on the road to a position of great promise in the party's publishing enterprise. Vera's motivation, particularly in the latter passages, is more implied than demonstrated; it is not entirely clear to me—or perhaps to her—but if I read it correctly, she is a tragic example of how the malign but subtle pressures of despotism corrupt the human heart as surely as a concentration camp destroys the human body.

The film is alive with vivid people trying to maintain their identities on the rack of conformity. Their pleasures are touching (one evening, dancing is "permitted"; the old party martinet is a glut-

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ton for sweets); their fear of disobliging their masters can be seen in their eyes, heard in their half-formed sentences. Watching the film, one cannot hope that any impulse to freedom will survive among them. Yet it has—Pal Gabor and his cast are among those who have come through.

Vera Chytilova's picture is a farce in form, a satire in intent. *The Apple Game* is the sport that men and women make with each other. In this case, it takes place for the most part in a maternity hospital where Dr. John (Jiri Menzel) is doing research on the obstetrical experiences of farm girls. He is also engaged in amorous fieldwork, first with Marta (Evelyna Steimarova-Ytirova), the wife of his research collaborator, soon also with Anna (Dagmar Blahova), an apprentice nurse from the provinces. Scenes of the doctor's obsessive gallantry, impressive as much for deft juggling as for sustained lechery, are intercut with delivery room close-ups of childbirth, making a kind of counterpoint of pleasure and its fruits. The pith of the film, however, is in Anna's attitude toward authority and regulations, particularly those laid down by toplofty males, and more particularly still when the male is her lover. (Feminine nose-thumbing at masculine protocol was a theme that ran also through *Daisies*, the only other film by Chytilova that I have seen. She is both a feminist and a dissenter, not perhaps from the substance but certainly from the rigid prescriptions of socialism, and her career has been much harassed by those whose dictates she flouts.)

Though new at the job, Anna quickly orients herself in the hospital and her readiness to take matters into her own hands is the marvel, not to say the envy, of her colleagues. She also takes Dr. John in hand, first allowing him to think she is pregnant when she is not and than walking out on him when she is indeed pregnant and he prefers to doubt it. Whether in the end she lets him catch her again, the film leaves for the viewer to decide.

The Apple Game is a spirited work and a funny one, the latter principally because of the pratfalls suffered by the blandly sexist doctor, a mama's boy at heart, as the script is at pains to point out. Menzel, himself a director (*Closely Watched Trains*, among others), takes the man through a woman's world, both obstetrical and amorous, with an engaging air of misplaced self-confidence. The women please me less. As in *Daisies*, Chytilova has a way of making her actresses romp, to be kittenish and provokingly inconsistent. It may be her device for showing what men make of their women, but the traits are less than prevalent among the women I know, and they rob her female characters of dignity. Blahova's Anna is impressive enough when she is being herself —delivering a baby in defiance of company rules that only men shall do that job, or telling off her lover for the self-concern he has only too plainly shown—but when she takes to horseplay or fits of pouting, the effect is deplorable. It suggests the flouncing of country-club theatricals.

And Chytilova's style of editing bothers me, though it is less extreme here than in *Daisies*. (She was under considerable pressure to make a "popular" film this time.) She cuts from scene to scene very rapidly, producing fragments of narrative that do in the end make up a readable mosaic, but which I feel impose a nervous excitement on the screen that is mechanical and a little tricky. I understand that she is intent on keeping the viewer's attention fixed simultaneously on different aspects of the story, and on occasion it works well. However, it has become an identifying mannerism which, like a strobe-lit stage skit, makes me wonder whether what I am seeing behind the flashes is all that interesting.

My reaction is perhaps atypical, however, and not intended to dissuade anyone else from seeing *The Apple Game*. It is a saucy film and, considering where and when (1976) it was made, a sly one. The Czechoslovak authorities tried to keep their own people from seeing it, and lifted the ban only when it succeeded at various festivals in the West. Once released at home, it drew long lines to the theaters, and what functionary is prepared to denounce a hit show that, whatever its "negative attitudes," so explicitly celebrates the fecundity of socialist womanhood?

Jean-Jacques Annaud's first feature picture, *Black and White in Color*, won an Oscar for best foreign film in 1977. It was brilliantly conceived and beautifully photographed, a lightly drawn but searching portrayal of French African colonialism at the time of World War I. His second movie, *Hothead* (*Coup de Tête*), is less extraordinary, more in the mainline of French social comedy, but an excellent example of that genre. It is set in a French town distinguished from hundreds like it only by the fact that its citizens' enthusiasm for soccer exceeds even the Continent's norm of hysteria for that sport. It is often very funny, but with a tight grin beneath the laughter, thanks in large part to the performance of Patrick Dewaere (*Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, *Going Places*, *The French Detective*). Before *Black and White*, Annaud's film making had been limited to advertising spots for television. Now he gives promise of becoming one of France's most accomplished contemporary directors.

Dewaere's character is François Perrin, a resourceful loser. He works in the local factory and plays on the scrub team of the local soccer club, both institutions owned by the town's magnate (Jean Bouise), a man as solicitously attended by henchmen as a Brooklyn mobster. One day, during a practice scrimmage, Perrin has the bad luck to disable the club's star player; he is fired from the team, fired from his job and framed on a rape charge for reasons also tied to the town's soccer fortunes.

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Thomas Starling

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Perrin is a man who takes his lumps philosophically and bides his time. I won't tell more of the story; it is a neatly constructed comedy, with France Dougnac as the smart and skeptical heroine, and the fun is watching it untangle. Dewaere is endearing as a scamp with principles. I doubt that in fact he plays soccer, but he moves like an athlete, with the soft agility that for a long time was the speciality of American screen actors. He and Annaud have put together a fine entertainment that also sizes up French provincial business, justice, pecking order and popular sport—none of which earn their unqualified endorsement.

A three-foot hero sandwich calls attention to itself more by its absurd size than by the discriminating selection of its ingredients; I think much the same can be said of Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's *Our Hitler*. This seven-and-a-half-hour film sold out six performances in the very large auditoriums of Avery Fisher Hall and Hunter College and was similarly received at earlier showings on the West Coast. It was a remarkable response, considering that tickets in New York sold for $12 and $10, that the director is almost unknown and that the subject is not one that would normally attract a mass audience. Gigantism is a drawing card, whether for vegetable marrows or theatrical offerings, but interest quickly flags; the audience at the Hunter performance I attended was noticeably thinner after the ninety-minute intermission.

Our Hitler, it seems to me, is a gargantuan mistake. If one's purpose is to discuss the springs of Hitler's success and to measure the extent of his influence, the worst possible way to go about it is to play Hitler's game by dressing the proceedings in unrestrained German romanticism. Syberberg's film is enveloped in operatic steam and showered with theatrical snow. It employs monstrous eyes; summons the devil from Hell; makes repeated references to Ludwig II, the mad king of Bavaria; expatiates on the infinitude of the universe; cites the fantasies of the German novelist, Karl May; employs a little girl (the director's daughter) in a lackluster impersonation of Democracy, and asks a great many rhetorical questions that sound profound because they are invulnerable to answers. The introduction to the film's descriptive catalogue, written by David A. Ross, chief curator of the University Art Museum, Berkeley, California, and Stephen M. Goldstine, president of the San Francisco Art Institute, avers that "Syberberg shares with us, through juxtapositions of the banal and trivial aside the horrific and the cosmic, a sense of that period that never attempts or approaches clarity but is, nevertheless, unmistakable and genuine." When learned gentlemen make a statement so devoid of meaning one must assume that they are at their wits' end.

Syberberg bases his work on two propositions: that Hitler's Reich was the inevitable product of European history and that there is an element of Hitler within all of us. These assertions are debilitating and inane: debilitating because the first of them encourages passivity in the face of looming danger and the second spreads guilt so thin as to be unappreciable; and inane because all events are inevitable after the fact and the nature of man is so complex that one may say there are traces of St. Francis or Genghis Khan, P.T. Barnum, Cassius or Hitler in any of us. In its concluding chapter (there are four), *Our Hitler* attributes most of the ills of present-day society, whether it be congestion on our highways, the low estate of popular entertainment, the debasement of our language, or the troubled emergence into statehood of former colonial holdings, on the influence of Hitler. What would the world be like today, it asks, if there had been no Hitler? For that matter, what would it be like if there had been no Black Death or we had never invented the wheel? No one can say, but you can readily spend seven and a half hours mulling the question.

The film spends vast stretches of time reciting passages from the philosophical precursors of Nazism, along with protestations of high social purpose from the likes of Himmler. In the closing scene of part two, the program notes say quite accurately, "the narrator muses on the nature of the universe . . . and describes the innate impossibility of comprehending the arm that reaches from the clouds to perform unfathomable acts, for which we have to bear the guilt." Mature minds do not normally give serious attention to such maunderings, but when they are presented insistently and at such length they take on a specious validity. It is hard to realize that we are being detained hour after hour to listen to drivel.

Attractive actors portraying Hitler's valet and his movie projectionist are given scope to recall humanizing trivialities—the *Führer*'s refusal to wear brown shoes with his tan uniform; his dietary preferences and musical taste; his courtesy as a host. Syberberg is clearly impressed, one might say awed, by his subject; in an interview, printed in the program, he calls Hitler "the greatest field commander of all time" and "the greatest film creator of all time." There exists considerable evidence to throw doubt on the first of these assertions; as for the second, which is perhaps the highest praise that can be given by a man who obviously sees himself as a film creator of heroic stature, it is followed immediately by a reference to Leni Riefenstahl, who was indeed good at her work, and is further explained by a suggestion, early in the film, that Hitler caused World War II to give full play to his cinematic visions.

Syberberg entwines the fortunes of Nazism with those of the movie industry, a symbiosis that I do not find entirely plausible. It has to do with the ability to project, with the importance of film to Hitler's rise and with the baleful effect thereafter of his values on the medium. The man was certainly a compelling actor, and he recognized the importance of the camera to demagogy. It is true, also, that movies are often meretricious and vulgar, but so they were before Hitler arose to torment us, and there are other explanations than his influence for their shortcomings. In any case, this alleged relationship inspired Syberberg to place a model of Edison's first film studio in one of those snowstorm paperweights, which is shaken vigorously at critical moments as a "symbol of our inner projections."

Our Hitler was filmed entirely in a sound studio, with front projections serving as scenery. It is thus a product of illusion, the technique itself a comment on Hitler's underlying method. This process also permits the use for background of monuments long since destroyed (or never built) and allows an infinitude of settings at no great expenditure of time or money. (The picture was made in twenty days at a cost of less than $500,000.) The back screen, though used ingeniously, is often perfectly evident, and one is conscious that the actors are carefully skirting it (when they do not disappear through a slit in it) as they move in their constricted acting space. This, too, becomes a comment on the claustrophobic world of

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Hitler's entourage.

Puppets, well manipulated, are much in evidence, usually in satiric contexts; the human impersonators of the principal figures take their characters more seriously. The props and furnishings, the costumes and art objects, look as though they had been found in the storeroom of a mediocre auction house. They are kitsch, and no doubt so intended, but seven hours is a long time to gaze at such stuff.

Our Hitler strikes me as the rather bullying work of a man driven by a powerful obsession that is not disciplined by an equally powerful intelligence. There were moments in the film when I was unsure whether he would find for or against the defendant, and overall I think he is too eager to interpret Hitler as a product of his times and the past we all share. By that reasoning, no one is responsible for anything. In the end, though, the verdict is guilty, both for what was done and for the heritage of cynicism, despondency and commercial exploitation that has been bestowed on us. As to the last, I believe Syberberg gives Hitler too much credit, but of course I cannot prove that our morale and our prospects would not be much different or much better if he had never lived. What I do assert, against the strong implications of the film, is that the future is not fated and that if it turns out badly, neither Hitler alone nor the implacability of history is to be blamed.

This seems to be a time for very long movies in special engagements. During the latter part of January, Joseph Papp was showing at the Public Theater in New York Klaus Kirschner's *Mozart —A Childhood Chronicle*, which views the composer at the ages of 7, 12 and 20, is based on letters in the Mozart archives and runs for three hours and forty-five minutes.

Kirschner's purpose has been to reenact faithfully the incidents referred to in the correspondence, to stage these scenes in authentic settings in Munich, Augsburg, Paris, Versailles, London, Amsterdam, Rome and Naples, and to record on the sound track scrupulously contemporary performances of compositions written by the composer at the three stages of his early life. This is a very pure, not to say noble, concept, but it is less effective on the screen than it undoubtedly seemed in theory. The members of the Mozart family, principally Wolfgang Amadeus, his father, Leopold (Karl-Maria Schley), his mother (Marianne Lowitz) and his older sister (Ingeborg Schroeder; later, Nina Palmers), do not address one another directly. Instead, they are seen sitting impassively, presumably mulling in their minds the letters that are read aloud (in German with voluminous English subtitles) by their several voices. Kirschner has chosen actors who can submit to the stare of the camera for long stretches of time with only enough play of expression on their faces to assure one that they are alive. The effect, particularly in the case of Pavlos Bekiaris, who impersonates Mozart at 7 and somewhat resembles a much-subdued Mickey Mouse, is lugubrious. It throws a funereal boredom over what in any case is a far from happy story. Much of the footage is given to uneventful journeys from one city to another, when the passengers are seen lost in thought and gazing blankly out at a picturesque but empty countryside.

When a long letter must be read to its conclusion or a musical selection transcribed uncut, the camera comes to rest, sometimes for several minutes, on some woodland composition, an architectural detail, perhaps the face of one of the Mozarts. These still moments are chosen with taste; in fact, they are so tasteful that the film becomes self-conscious and arty. The letters, to make the burden heavier, are scarcely brilliant. The father writes homilies on the need for unflagging work and the advisability of cultivating potential patrons; the others report on their efforts, adding perfunctory travel notes. Twice, to be sure, brother and sister exchange scatological railleries of almost incredible coarseness, but except for these the correspondence is singularly unmemorable.

In the last third of the film (after about two hours), when Santiago Ziesmer is playing Mozart at 20 (Diego Crovetti played the teen-ager), matters somewhat improve. We begin to see what was implicit from the first: that Mozart's childhood and youth were sustained purgatory, in the greatest possible contrast to the serene and soaring music that came from his pen. The composing, one must believe, was a joy to him, but because of it he was dragged from one corner of Europe to the other and obliged to perform like a trained dog by a father (a musician of some gifts) who was besotted by the realization that he had sired a genius. As he enters manhood, Mozart rebels against the parental tyranny, against the bullying and whining that flowed steadily from Salzburg, against the requirement that he repeatedly abase himself before German princelings, Italian impresarios and the mistresses of French salons in the ever-fruitless quest for a "place." In these years, the son's struggle to free himself from the grasp of his almost insanely possessive father comes alive, despite the rigidity of the movie's scheme. Mozart's cry of despair, with which the film ends, is truly heartbreaking, particularly since one knows that his life is already more than half spent. So, in retrospect, there is a nobility in this wax museum of a picture, but I think it fair to say that one must be unusually patient to appreciate it.

The problem in Franco Brusati's *To Forget Venice* is that Anna and Claudia, Nicky and Picchio, don't want to grow up. Instead, they have paired off into homosexual couples and nestle uneasily under the protective wing of Marta, a retired opera singer who is the sister of Nicky, the honorary aunt of Anna and the den mother of them all. Alas, Marta is fueling her celebrated ageless vitality from a very weak heart and one day, just as they are packing the car for a holiday in Venice, she dies. What will the Peter Pans do then, poor things? Picchio, Anna and Claudia set off for the city, timorously determined to find jobs and somehow grow up; Nicky stays behind on the farm to read *Orlando Furioso* and dream in the warm sun.

This tale of arrested development is told in a mood of melancholy romanticism, spiced in Brusati's manner with brutal flashes (though with nothing as savage as the chicken-house episode in his earlier *Bread and Chocolate*). He has assembled a capable cast, led by Mariangela Melato (Anna), Erland Josephson (Nicky) and Hella Petri (Marta), but somehow the film did not engage me. It seemed too obsessively concerned with its subject, the characters obviously dancing on the emotional strings of gaiety and hysteria at their puppet-master's bidding. Or perhaps the trouble is that, whereas infantilism induced by childhood traumas (the film abounds in flashbacks) may be a valid subject, four stunted personalities in a group of five rather limit the human interest of a film. The neurosis itself then takes the lead and one watches with a clinical eye. □

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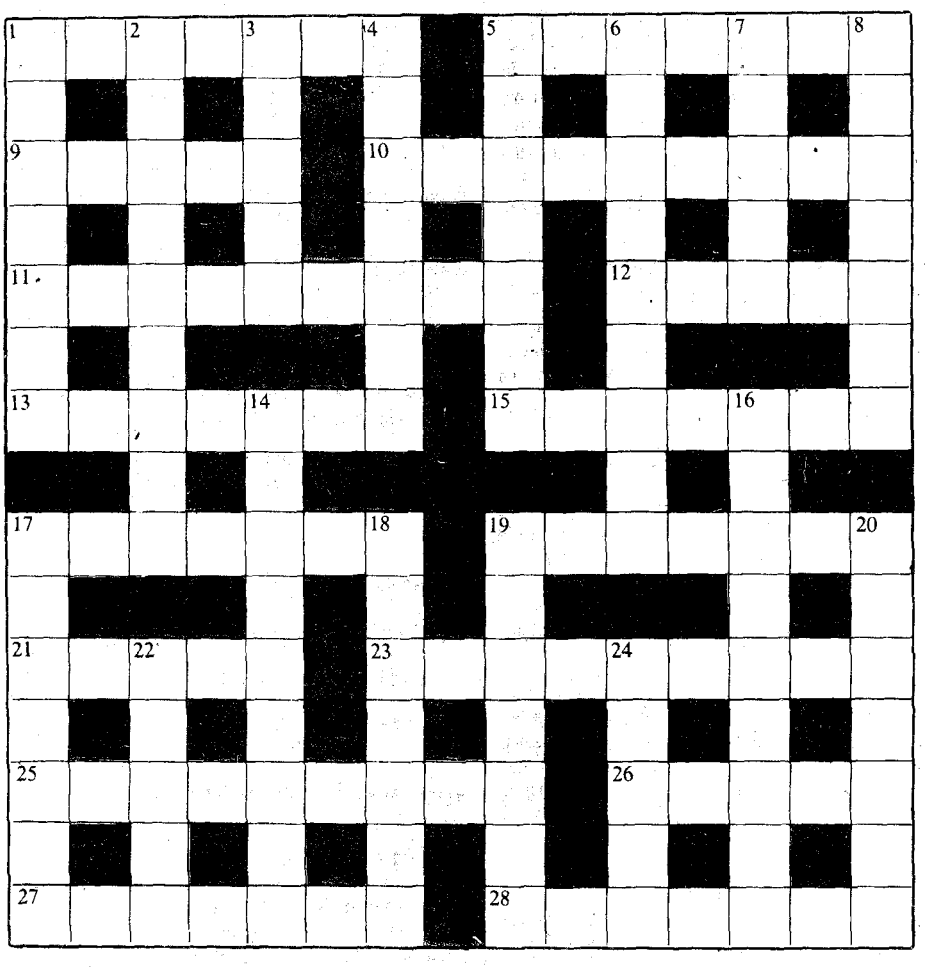

ACROSS

1 and 5 across That's what you get with mercury poisoning! (2,3,2,1,6)
9 Color a former prime minister's name at first. (5)
10 In the p.m., exigent, but releasing one from liability. (9)
11 Can end the trouble, with charm having had some effect. (9)
12 Build straight up. (5)
13 At which time 5 down? (7)
15 Covers with powder scoops of them. (7)
17 See 8 down
19 Arranged to be told what to do. (7)
21 Such rays are produced by magma. (5)
23 You don't have to hold on to such assets, and hang fur around. (9)
25 The end of a boat goes in mine, and you'll hate it if you do! (9)
26 What the king did with lines. (5)
27 and 28 What should consist of facts and truths goes with what is imagined to be exciting reading. (7,7)

DOWN

1 and 17 down Not a comparison with the colored pot—half-baked, perhaps. (2,5,2,5)
2 What these voices need is a Melchior! (4,5)
3 Diorama that loses 10 with several acts, probably. (5)
4 How Ida behaved in the thirties. (7)
5 A patched and repaired collection, or just altered in some way? (7)
6 Catch? Catch on? (9)
7 I went wrong, evidently, using it as a binder. (5)
8 and 17 across Steady (not correct) by comparison with what gives superficial protection from heat. (5,2,1,6)
14 Not aid I've ordered—it's rather a digression. (9)
16 He cried *Roma o Morte!* (9)
17 See 1 down
18 Such a one would never be the unwilling type! (7)
19 Not exactly a person's spirit—just a person alone. (7)
20 China and Germany might be associated with it. (7)
22 One follows a version of the city of 16, being on the other side of the world. (5)
24 A simple order in Greek (given in rustic dialect?) (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1806

ACROSS: 1 Phaeton; 5 Guarded; 9 Tonnage; 10 Shellac; 11 Heaps; 12 Large type; 15 Cosines; 18 Ken; 20 Gee; 21 Existed; 23 and 26 Turn the heat on; 28, 1 down and 18 down Polly, put the kettle on; 29 Electra; 30 Chignon; 31 Nankeen; 32 Signets. DOWN: 2 Annual; 3 Transport; 4 Needles; 5 Gastric; 6 Abele; 7 Delaying; 8 Decrease; 13 Sex; 16 Stripling; 17 Eel; 19 Nineteen; 22 Detrain; 23 Tenaces; 24 Glance; 25 Hyenas; 27 and 14 Entre nous.

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